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## ON WIT AND HUMOR.

BY RICHARD HATWARDE.

IN attempting to define wit and humor, we must premise by observing that we shall consider them as active and independent faculties of the mind, and not as abstract qualities, such as may be comprehended in a bon-mot, or an epigram. For if we consider wit and humor in this latter position, (more especially wit,) we can scarcely hope to arrive at a just conclusion, the forms of either being as various as the changes of Proteus, and not more reliable than the vagaries of a will-o'-the-wisp. What we shall attempt to arrive at, is a *generic* definition of wit, and in like manner, a *generic* definition of humor; so that however variously presented, we can identify Wit by one property common to all its species, and Humor by one property common to all its varieties.

We may also observe here, in order to fore-warn the reader, that although the subject may seem suggestive of mirth, yet he will find it a very serious matter before he gets through with it. We once knew a gentleman who wrote an essay on happiness, and it made him miserable; and therefore we have taken care, by this timely caution, to suggest, that in our analysis of wit it must not be looked upon as necessary in the writer to give any proofs of possessing such a faculty himself.

With these brief remarks, we will proceed to a consideration of the subject. The term 'wit,' then, in its eldest signification, implied generally '*rationality*,' and so we still understand it in its derivations, 'to wit,' (to know,) 'half-witted,' 'witless,' 'witling,' etc., etc. In the time of Dryden it expressed fancy, genius, aptitude. Thus the famous couplet

'GREAT wits to madness surely are allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,'

is almost an amplification of that 'fine frenzy' which Shakespeare has

VOL. XXXVI.

32

delineated, and 'wit' in this sense is merely a synonym of 'imagination.' Locke, who was cotemporary with Dryden, defines 'wit' as lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. This definition of wit he places in opposition to judgment, which he says 'lies quite on the other side,' in separating carefully one from another ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. Addison quotes this passage in the *Spectator*, and says: 'This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not what we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives *delight* and *surprise* to the reader. These two last properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them.' To come down still later, Dugald Stewart endorses Locke, with this addition, ('rather,' as he says, 'by way of explanation than amendment,') that wit implies a power of calling up at pleasure the ideas which it combines; and Lord Kames denominates wit a quality of *certain* thoughts and expressions, and adds: 'The term is never applied to an action or passion, and as little to an external object.'

From the preceding illustrations we may gather that the term wit was not formerly used in its present limited sense: in fact, Addison gives us a list of different species of wit, such as 'metaphors, similitudes, allegories, enigmas, parables, fables, dreams, visions, *dramatic writings*, burlesque, and all methods of illusion,' from which we may gather that in his time wit was an expression of considerable latitude, embracing all ideas of a fanciful or whimsical nature. Dr. Johnson describes wit 'as a kind of *concordia discors*; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike;' which Leigh Hunt, in his essay on Wit and Humor, amplifies into 'the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas, for some lively purpose of assimilation, or contrast, or generally of both.' Why this would not apply as well to humor as to wit is not so apparent. We more than suspect that Mr. Hunt did not quite understand the distinction between them himself.

We could, in addition to those already named, quote many other authorities, but they would bring us no nearer to the points in question. The gist of all that has been said concerning the subject-matter is contained in the definitions already given. We must refer here, however, to one book, which is so admirable in its way, so full of the witty and humorous, so acute in detecting the errors of all other writers upon the subject, and so far from being right in its own solution of the question, that the perusal of it produces the very effect which its author claims to be the end of all wit, namely, '*surprise!*' We allude to 'Lectures on Moral Philosophy,' by the Reverend Sydney Smith. As an exemplar of wit it has no superior in our language; but when he tells us that 'whenever there is a superior act of intelligence in dis-

covering a relation between ideas, which relation excites surprise, and no other high emotion, the mind will have a feeling of wit,' we must beg leave to differ from the conclusion; for wit sometimes excites admiration, which may be considered a high emotion; and we have known instances where it has produced a feeling of implacable revenge. In the example which he gives immediately after, he says: 'Why is it witty, in one of Addison's plays, when the undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him: 'You rascal, *you!* I have been raising your wages for these two years upon condition that you should appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive, the happier you look!' Here is a relation between ideas, the discovery of which implies superior intelligence, and excites no other emotion than '*surprise*.' Now the incongruousness of ideas here is calculated to raise an emotion of *mirth* as well as surprise, and we are pleased, not because it is witty, but because the *accidental* ambiguity of the words turns the reproof into a jest. True wit is never *accidental*, but always intentional. Compare this with the following, which would be humorous if it were not very witty: 'A gentleman owned four lots adjoining a Jewish burying-ground, in the upper part of the city. The owners of the cemetery wanted to purchase these lots, but as the price they offered was no equivalent for their value, the gentleman refused to accept it. At last the Jew trustees hit upon what they considered a master-stroke of policy, and meeting Mr. V—— a few days afterward, said: 'Ah, Sir, we tink you will not get any body now to live on your property up dere. We have buyed lots on de odder side, and behint it, and it is Jews' burying-ground all around it.' 'Very well,' replied Mr. V——, 'I shall begin to build to-morrow.' 'Build!' echoed the trustees, taken aback by the cool manner in which this was said, 'why, now,' with a cunning smile, 'what *can* you put up dere, mit a Jews' burying-ground all around?' 'A *surgeon's hall!*' said Mr. V——. 'You have made my property the most eligible in the city. Good morning!' The reader may imagine that Mr. V—— received his own price for the lots, which were speedily converted into a Golgotha, and the principal trustee now lies buried in the midst of them, with a white marble monument protruding out of his bosom, large enough to make a resurrection-man commit suicide.

In his definition of humor the Rev. Sydney Smith says: 'So then, this turns out to be the nature of humor; that it is incongruity which creates surprise, and only *surprise*. Try the most notorious and classical instances of humor by this rule, and you will find it succeed.' If this be the nature of humor, namely, 'that it is any incongruity which creates surprise,' we will try the rule, and see how it agrees with the assertion. In the tragedy of King Lear, when Kent is discovered in the stocks by his old master, the first emotion of Lear is surprise. He says:

'—— HΛ!  
Mak'st thou this sport thy pastime?'

And this exclamation is caused by incongruity, for he finds that Kent has been treated in a manner directly opposite to what he expected, and the sudden clash of the two contending ideas produces surprise.

Let us take another example: Macbeth is assured in the witches' cavern that 'none of woman born shall harm Macbeth!' and again:

'MACBETH shall never vanquished be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.'

Yet when Birnam wood does come to Dunsinane, in a most unaccountable manner, and afterward he hears that Macduff had entered the world by the Cæsarean operation, he does not seem particularly struck with the humor of the thing, nor is he giving way to a burst of hilarity at the unexpected relation of ideas, when he utters:

'ACCURSED be the tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cowed my better part of man;  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.'

The truth is, that surprise is sometimes the *effect* of wit or humor, and nothing more; and we cannot predicate of wit that it is surprise, any more than we can predicate of a triangle that it is equilateral.

We have now endeavored to clear the ground for our definition, which is this: 'Wit is an operation of the mind, directing the action of the ludicrous for the attainment of some specific object.' We will select *Hudibras* as an example. This unrivalled poem abounds in passages of exquisite wit and humor. The description of the knight himself is perhaps the most felicitous mingling of both that can be found in the whole range of English literature. We might glean from it a golden sheaf of quotations, simply illustration of the humorous, although *Hudibras* is generally considered 'pure wit.' And so it is, *as a whole*. When we take in view the *object* for which it was written, every absurdity brightens into points of the keenest satire, the pages fairly blaze with wit, and its burning ridicule is almost appalling.

Pope's *Dunciad*, Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, and Byron's *English Bards and Scottish Reviewers*, are the only compositions in our language that deserve to be classed with *Hudibras*. They belong to the heroic school of wit; epics, composed with every thing else of a similar nature; and as holding the highest rank, we can safely estimate by each and every one of them the value of our proposition.

As in the physical world we find connecting links between the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, so there are compositions which combine wit, and fancy, and imagination. The definition given above may be taken as a generic rule for *pure* wit, and not applicable to such combinations of wit and fancy as *Don Juan*, or the *Rape of the Lock*. For example, in the following epigram:

'Bright as the Sun, and, as the Morning, fair;  
Such *CLARE* is — but common as the Air!'

The direct compliment in the first line, so strikingly reversed by the satire of the second, would be ludicrous but for the fanciful elegance of the whole.

We must now consider the second part of our subject. Like Wit, the meaning of the term Humor, has changed, and we seek in vain for any correspondence between its present and former significance. Thus Ben Jonson's 'Every man in his Humor,' is equivalent to every one to his taste, '*chacun a son gout*,' it implied whimsies, fancies, conceits, (such as we find in Corporal Nym,) temper, turn of mind, petulance, etc., etc. By Addison it was used as a synonyme of wit, but rarely, and it is only within a few years that the word humor has been considered as a generic term of a peculiar class of ideas. We have already given the Reverend Sydney Smith's definition, and we shall add here, that of Leigh Hunt, which certainly is a very different thing from wit, as we understand it.

'*Humor*, considered as the object treated of by the humorous writer, and not as the power of treating it, derives its name from the prevailing quality of *moisture* in the bodily temperament; and is a *tendency of the mind to run in particular directions of thought or feeling more amusing than accountable*, at least in the opinion of society.'

We opine that nothing short of a patent digester can make any thing of this definition. With all the love we bear to the author of 'Rimini' we are compelled to say, that we believe he has no more idea of humor than a Bush boy has of clairvoyance. Taking out 'the quality of moisture in the bodily temperament,' which is slightly irrelevant, and straightening the involution of the sentence, it stands thus: 'Humor, considered as the object treated of, is a tendency of the mind to run in particular directions of thought or feeling more amusing than accountable.' If this be not the very idea of humor which the Philistines had when they called for Samson to make them sport, then we are much, very much mistaken. For when we cease to consider humor as an *active principle*, and only discover it in the weakness of an individual who may be making that sport for us, which is death to him, we must reflect that it is the ludicrous association of ideas in our own minds which produces the effect. Thus, although the antics of a monkey, contrasted with the remarkable gravity of his physiognomy, may make us laugh, we can scarcely accuse him of being a humorist; but if a man have a monkey running loose in his mind, and imitate him, then we may safely set him down as one.

In the Westminster Review for October, 1847, we find a criticism upon this very essay from which we take the following: 'Humor is felt to be a higher, finer and more genial thing than Wit, or the mere ludicrous; but the exact definition of it has occasioned some difficulty. It is the combination of the laughable with an element of love, tenderness, sympathy, warm-heartedness, or affection. Wit, sweetened by a kind, loving expression, becomes Humor. Men who have little love to their fellows, or whose language and manner are destitute of affectionateness and soft, tender feeling, cannot be humorists, however witty they may be. There is no humor in Butler, Pope, Swift, Dryden, Ben Jonson, or Voltaire.'

In our estimate of Humor, we shall admit this passage, but with some grains of allowance; upon the whole it is ingenious and elegant,

and as a description of Humor, we have found nothing to compare with it.

We should define Humor to be, 'An operation of the mind directing the action of the ludicrous to the *production of mirth*,' and herein it differs from Wit, which always has an ultimate object beyond the mere mirth which it creates. Thus, Wit is antagonistic — Humor, genial. Wit is concentrated, sharp, rapier-like; Humor, prodigal, diffuse; in fact the very wantonness of mirth. Wit converges to a focus, like a lens. Humor, distorts, multiplies, and grotesquely colors like a prism. Wit is always perceptive; Humor may be conscious or unconscious; a man is very much in earnest with himself, and yet we see his words or actions in a humorous light, like the odd reflections made in an imperfect mirror. Such men are unconscious humorists; what seems ludicrous to us, is very sad reality to them; and sometimes, when we get a glimpse of their inner nature, even while the smile is yet upon our lips, we feel a touch of pity too deep for tears.

Thus Humor and Pathos are often twin-born, but who ever saw an instance of *pathetic wit*. Holme's '*Last Leaf*' is so finely illustrative of the subject, that we cannot forbear copying it entire:

'I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

'They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pursuing knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
Through the town.

'But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks on all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
'They are gone.'

'The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

'My grandmamma has said,  
Poor old lady she is dead  
Long ago,  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

'But now his nose is thin  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff.  
And a crook in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

'I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;  
But his old three-cornered hat,  
And his breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer!

'And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree.  
In the spring.  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough,  
Where I cling.'

Mr. Richard Swiveller, wending his way home after 'a night' with Mr. Quilp and the case-bottle, may be taken as a fair specimen of an unconscious humorist.

'Left by my parents at an early age,' said Mr. Swiveller, bewailing his hard lot, 'cast upon the world in my tenderest period, and thrown upon the mercies of a deluding dwarf, who can wonder at my weakness!' 'Here's a miserable orphan for you. Here,' said Mr. Swiveller raising his voice to a light pitch and looking sleepily round, 'is a miserable orphan.'

Now an actor to represent this, or an author to delineate it, would be a conscious humorist.

There is a kind of exquisite humor which is in fact the divine philosophy of a sensitive heart; such as Jean Paul has delineated in his 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.'

'Siebenkas was all day long a harlequin.' She (his wife) often said to him, 'The people will think you are not in your right senses;' to which he would answer, 'And am I?' He disguised his beautiful heart beneath the grotesque comic mask, and concealed his height by the trodden-down sock; turning the short game of his life into a farce and comic epic poem. He was fond of grotesque comic actions from higher motives than mere variety. In the first place, he delighted in the sense of freedom experienced by a soul unshackled by the trammels of circumstance; and secondly, he enjoyed the satirical consciousness of caricaturing rather than imitating the follies of humanity. While acting he had a two-fold consciousness; that of the comic actor and of the spectator. A humorist in action is but a satirical *improvisatore*. Every male reader understands this; but no female reader.

I have often wished to give a woman, who beheld the white sunbeam of wisdom decomposed, chequered, and colored from behind the prism of humor, a well ground-glass which would burn this variegated row of colors white again; but it would not answer. The woman's delicate sense of the becoming is scratched and wounded, so to say, by every thing angular and unpolished. These souls bound up to the pole of conventional propriety, cannot comprehend a soul which opposes itself to these relations; and therefore in the hereditary realms of women — the courts, and in their kingdom of shadows — France, there are seldom any humorists to be found, either of the pen or in real life.'

But of all creations of Humor, there is nothing to compare with the hero of Cervantes. Don Quixotte may move us to mirth by his guileless simplicity, but there is a nobleness in his nature beyond any artifice of mere wit. For the spring of all his actions is what we most admire in humanity — valor, the love of justice, patience and fortitude; and even his *want* of prudence is almost a virtue. Strange that it should excite our laughter to behold the aberrations of an enthusiast, who believed himself to be 'the defender of the innocent, the protector of helpless damsels, the shield of the defenceless, and the avenger of the oppressed.'

'What story is so pleasing and so sad.'

Truly there is a touch of something in this madness which is nearer heaven than much of worldly wisdom.

But in our admiration of this last relic of the chivalric life, we must not forget thee, thou modestest of men, 'My Uncle Toby!' What is more admirable than thy goodness of heart, thy tenderness, thy patience of injuries, thy peaceful, placid nature, 'no jarring element in it, which was mixed up so kindly within thee; thou had'st scarcely a heart to retaliate upon a fly!'

'I'll not hurt thee,' says my Uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand; 'I'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Go,' says he, lifting up the sash and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape; 'go poor devil! get thee gone, why should I hurt thee? this world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me.'



In direct opposition to this stands the character of the burly Falstaff. No one would lay a straw in the way of Uncle Toby, but how we relish 'the buck-basket,' 'the cudgel of Ford,' and the castigation at 'Gads-hill;' nay, if we bear in mind how exquisitely selfish Falstaff is, we can even admire the reply of King Harry, beginning with :

'I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers.  
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.'

Such is the nature of wit. We love Charles Lamb, Goldsmith, Irving, Fielding, Dickens, (except when he tried to be *witty* in his 'American Notes') and glorious old Chaucer; while we have no such feeling toward Pope, Swift, Dryden, Chesterfield, or the author of 'Vanity Fair.'

Dante at times is witty, but his wit is tremendous! In his journey through hell he meets the shade of a friar, who tells him, that the soul of a living man, one 'Branca Doria, who murdered his father-in-law, Zanche,' is there.

'Nay,' replies Dante, 'you do not tell the truth. Branca Doria is on earth; eats, walks and sleeps like any other man.'

'Nevertheless,' returns the friar, 'his soul has been many years here in hell, and in place of it a devil inhabits his body.'

This is something like Coleridge's remarks, written on the cover of Charles Lamb's copy of Donne's Satires; which we give briefly thus: 'The irregular measure of this verse is only convertible into harmony by the feeling of the reader. I would like to hear a Scotchman read Donne. If he read it as it should be read, I would think either that he was not in reality a Scotchman, or that his soul had been geographically slandered by his body.'

These are fair specimens of satirical wit: We have selected them because they are in direct contrast to Humor, which is always mirthful and companionable; but we cannot imagine that Branca Doria's *surprise* at reading Dante, was what might be termed an agreeable one; nor that Coleridge's remarks on Scottish Melody, were exactly calculated to raise a *guffaw* in the land of burns.

It must not be supposed however, that we considered this caustic quality as inseparable from Wit. True, in all the forms of inuendo, satire, irony, and epigram, we may discover it; but happily, there is a species of wit as innocent as it is delightful. Perhaps there is nothing more agreeable than being in company with a person who possesses this faculty, with sufficient amiability and good sense to keep it in subjection; for the perfection of strength is in the reserve of power; and he is an exquisite swordsman who can disarm, without wounding, his adversary.

Thus when the Spanish ambassador was shocked at the familiarity of certain officers, who were pressing around Henry of Navarre, the King said, 'You see nothing here; you should see how close they press upon me in the day of battle.' And what can be finer than the compliment paid to one of his generals when he presented him to some foreign ambassadors? 'Gentlemen, this is the Marechal De Biron, whom I present equally to my friends and enemies.'



Pope, in a couplet, has left us an elegant form of wit. It will be remembered that one day when epigrams and impromptu's were being discussed at table, he borrowed Lord Chesterfield's diamond and wrote on a wine-glass :

'ACCEPT a miracle instead of wit;  
See two dull lines by STANHOPE's pencil writ.'

We may also instance Lord Dorset's generous wit, who, when several celebrated men were debating about harmony of numbers, beauties of invention, etc., proposed to make a trial of skill, of which Dryden was to be the judge. Lord Dorset's composition obtained the preference. It was as follows :

'I promise to pay JOHN DRYDEN, Esq., or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds,  
'DORSET.'

There is a kind of legal wit, too, in Blackstone, which deserves to be noticed, such as his definition of special bailiffs, 'who,' he says, 'are usually bound in a bond for the due execution of their office, and thence are called *bound bailiffs*; which the common people have corrupted into a much more homely appellation.' Certainly a pleasant evasion of an unsavory phrase.

Dorset's laconic composition is in happy opposition to one written by Frederic the Great. A Jew banker, who, fearful of subsidies and loans, sent a letter, petitioning the King, 'to allow him to travel for the benefit of his health,' received in answer :

'DEAR EPHRAIM, nothing but death shall part us,  
FREDERIC.'

A reply pregnant with terrible meaning to the poor Israelite.

If, in this essay we have touched but lightly upon the innocence of Wit, which certainly is its most charming attribute, it is because instances are

'Like angel-visits, few and far between.'

And we should be chary in commending too much a faculty, which sometimes has the power to turn even

'— a mother's pains and benefits,  
To laughter and contempt.'

Thus while we enjoy

'— converse calm, with wit shafts sprinkled round,  
Like beams from gems, too light and fine to wound.'

We still must make a reservation in favor of a more genial quality; not that we love wit less, but that we love humor more: for, humor is of nature, and wit is of artifice.

The limits of a magazine will not permit any further consideration of this fruitful subject, else we might name one whose wit is such that 't is a common opinion that all men love him.' We trust

'THAT last half stanza — it has dashed  
From my warm lip the sparkling cup;  
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,  
The power that bore my spirit up  
Above this bank-note world — is gone,'

is not prophetic; for in the whole wide world there is not one possessed

of such powers of wit, humor and fancy, as he, nor is there any one to whom his own lines will apply better :

‘None knew thee, but to love thee,  
None named thee, but to praise.’

S T A N Z A S :

WRITTEN ON ARRIVING AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

To-day I'm twenty-one!  
On what swift pinions have the moments fled —  
How soon those years have gone!  
How like a dream has vanished youth's bright dawn,  
With all the glorious hopes it nourished!

II.

It seems but yesterday  
When I was but a joyous, thoughtless child —  
Thoughtless of all but play;  
When life seemed like one long bright summer day,  
And earth around, and heaven above me, smiled.

III.

Oh! happy days were those,  
Whose memories ever throng our after years;  
Amid life's various woes  
An oasis wherein there doth repose  
All that to man the barren past endears.

IV.

Weak though it seem, and vain,  
Thus to recall those scenes which never more  
Can visit us again,  
And vex the heart with unavailing pain,  
And grieve for that which Time can ne'er restore :

V.

It is but fit that we  
Should pause awhile amid life's jostling maze,  
And give a thought to thee,  
Thou fairest season man is doomed to see,  
And bask a time in thy transmitted rays.

VI.

Oh life! thy flowing tide  
Has almost reached its highest point, and soon  
Its waters must subside,  
And ebb to flow no more, though in thy pride,  
Above me thou dost soar, O maiden moon!

## VII.

And this frail form must be  
 Restored unto its native earth once more,  
 And bear her company  
 In her grand journeying through immensity,  
 Forgetful of the spirit once it bore.

## VIII.

I look with vain regret  
 Into the vanished Past, and there behold  
 That which no mortal yet  
 Has failed to see, when youth's bright sun has set,  
 Follies, and wasted time whose worth can ne'er be told.

## IX.

Yet, oh! thou sinking heart  
 Cheer up! — the Future lies before thee spread:  
 Ye vain regrets depart;  
 Ye boding fears and weak despairings, start!  
 And thou, bright-winged Hope! come in their stead.

## X.

And Thou, most HOLY ONE!  
 Oh! keep this heart from sin and folly free,  
 And there erect a throne,  
 Where kingly virtue shall preside alone,  
 And hate be felt for nought save wrong and tyranny.

## XI.

Oh! teach me to throw by  
 All narrow thoughts of self, all sordid aims,  
 And fill my soul with high  
 And holy love for Truth and Liberty —  
 That liberty which Virtue only frames.

## XII.

Impress me with a sense,  
 A proper sense, of mine own littleness;  
 Amid Thy works immense  
 A speck which, from its insignificance,  
 Thou, All-pervading ONE, alone would'st miss.

## XIII.

And with THINE arm of might  
 Sustain me o'er life's toilsome, thorny way;  
 And when my soul takes flight,  
 Oh! may it not be as in utter night,  
 But lightened by a glimpse of heavenly day!

H. R.

*Sheboygan Falls, (Wis.,) August 19th.*

## COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY.

FROM the vast and mysterious records of nature, upon which the wonders of unnumbered ages have been written, we pass, with increasing reverence, to the wide-spread field of organic matter. And here, surrounded by the living witnesses of CREATIVE POWER and GOODNESS, we learn facts of deeper interest and more startling significance. Beneath us we see the various fruits of past centuries; the indispensable materials of the present; which internal convulsions and external violence; which life and death, lengthened prosperity, and sudden extinction, have deposited in this mighty store-house of generations. But over all these successive changes of matter, animate and inanimate, an INFINITE WISDOM presided; and out of their ruins a more perfect edifice has been constructed for man.

We still have the humble tenant of an hour, whose progenitors lived and sung before man was; still the varied forms, organs, and remarkable adaptations of each, which enable us to distinguish the exhumed denizens of the earliest periods. Between the multitudinous forms various resemblances exist, but they result from the necessity which similar constructions and instincts create. There is a universal harmony in the discordant members. As music is composed of different sounds, so God, in his wisdom, has created a perfect whole out of innumerable and apparently contradictory parts. The earth is diversified with frowning mountains and smiling plains; with barren and with fertile spots; with arid deserts and ocean depths: it is clothed with the lichen and the oak, and tenanted with different species, classes and departments of the animal kingdom, each of which performs a distinct office. The mountains feed the springs and rivers, which supply the intervening valleys. The inequalities of the surface serve to relieve it from a superabundance of water, and the depths of the ocean receive it. And although the desert appears useless to man, it may not be less important in the economy of nature, than the ocean by which it is surrounded.

The various organic parts are so intimately connected, that a certain school of philosophers considers them to be the offspring of each other. Not separate and distinct creations, but the legitimate results of progressive life. That through an instinctive longing for improvement, the inferior has gradually but steadily risen to the superior. If this is true, the changes must have been uniform, and the superior and inferior composed of the same constituent elements. It is our purpose, however, to show that this is not the case. To do this, we will attempt to draw the line of distinction between the various forms and divisions of the vegetable world, and successively point out the differences which exist between the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

It becomes necessary in the development hypothesis, to establish the existence of some connecting link between the grand divisions of organic matter. If no such connexion exist, the possibility of a change of character or transmutation cannot be sustained. Commencing with

the embryo, we find that each division has its peculiar form. 'The monocotyledonous embryo is of an ovoid form, or like a cylinder rounded at its extremities. The dicotyledonous embryos are sometimes similar in form, but are always distinguished from the monocotyledonous by the division of the cotyledonous extremity into two lobes. The gemmule in the monocotyledonous embryo is situated near the surface, and communicates with the exterior by means of a small slit, while the gemmule of the dicotyledonous embryo occupies a cavity in the inside, and differs in the elongation of the axis.' The embryos are dissimilar, and this difference finally decides the character of the plant. The elementary particles are not the same. The functions performed by the one, are beyond the power of the other. The great variety depends on something more than the difference in the constituent materials. 'Vegetable substances, apparently identical, not only present themselves under entirely different forms, but they also produce (in the poppy, for instance) certain bodies, which are entirely different from those produced either in the aconite or in the oak tree; nay, in different organs of the same plant they give rise to entirely different products, and perform entirely different functions.' The constituent materials are different, which produces a difference in form, and this results in a difference in product. The whole depends, therefore, on the combination of the constituent elements. The same elements differently combined take dissimilar forms, and perform entirely different functions. The first visible form of the plant, therefore, must result from and be in accordance with the arrangement and combination of the elementary particles.

The incalculable variety in the organic kingdom results not so much from the variety of the inorganic materials, as on the infinitely variable admixture of them. It is not the peculiarities, or dynamic difference of matter itself, which determine the form and functions, but the **POWER** which secures the various combinations of the constituent elements. This **POWER** must be without and above the plant itself, giving it its fruit in the season, and withering its leaves and branches at a word, whenever exhibitions of **INFINITE POWER** are necessary to instruct or admonish those whom kindness cannot reach. The elements absorbed by plants, or upon which they feed, are few and simple, yet from these they generate a great variety of substances. This variety depends on the different elementary combinations, but is effected through the action of differently-constructed organs. Plants containing alkalis possess organs fitted to produce them. Those abounding in acids have organs peculiarly adapted to their production. These various substances are elaborated out of the same soil. The most dissimilar plants flourish in the same garden. The *antiaris toxicaria*, one of the most poisonous plants, may be found by the side of the most innocent and useful. This diversity results from the essential difference in the construction of the plants.

Having noticed the elementary materials and the force of different combinations, we may now proceed to the growth of the embryo, which is peculiar in each of the grand divisions. The monocotyledonous seeds are generally provided with a perisperm, and in such cases the

cotyledon is not disengaged from the seed. It forms either an elongation on the outside, by which it is attached to the axis, or remains sessile on the axis. When there is no perisperm the cotyledon is separated from its integument, and raised vertically with the gemmule. The germination of the dicotyledonous embryo is entirely different. The gemmule comes out of the interval of the cotyledons at their base, and not out of the interior of a sheath. The gemmule is freely lengthened in its direction, while the exorhizal radicle pursues an independent course. Acotyledonous plants are destitute of the organs we have just described. They contain nothing but a small homogeneous mass, without distinction of parts. These *spores* are disconnected from the cavity which encloses them, and do not open to give passage to any interior formation, but germinate by an elongation of themselves. They are the simplest form of the reproductive organ, having little or no resemblance to the complicated structure of the ovules of the phanerogamous plants.

Following the growth of the plants, we arrive at the bud, in which we find, in addition to the difference which determines its character, certain adaptations to location, climate and circumstances, alike interesting and beautiful. In warm climates, where there is no danger to be apprehended from the temperature of the atmosphere, the first leaves are as complete as the subsequent ones. But in northern latitudes, and on the mountains of the south, the first and outer leaves serve as envelopes for the rest. They are adapted to the nature of the plant and the character of the climate. Some of them are hard and dry, like the envelope of a pear; others are impregnated with insoluble matter, and are bad conductors of heat, while others are covered with a thick down. In these arrangements we see the first marked evidence of providential care.

The growth of the dicotyledonous bud differs materially from that of the monocotyledonous. In the former, the bud develops itself, and then stops and prepares a bud for the following year. The stem, therefore, is composed of branches, placed end to end, and exhibits the number of ligneous layers from the base to the top. In the latter, the stem is simple, and there are no lateral ramifications. The bundles or fascicles, composed of small vessels, are scattered in the monocotyledonous stem, without any apparent order; while those of the dicotyledonous stem are arranged regularly in a circle, and approaching, touch each other, thus forming a ligneous ring. The fascicles of the dicotyledonous are uniform in their structure; those of the monocotyledonous are irregular in thickness and composition. The dicotyledonous fascicle is divided, after a certain period, but not so with the other class. We thus discover the reason why we never find concentric ligneous zones, or leaves of liber in the monocotyledonous plant. These peculiarities induced Desfontaines to divide the vegetable kingdom into two great classes:

‘First. THE MONOCOTYLEDONOUS, or those which have no distinct concentric layers; whose solidity *decreases* from the *circumference* toward the *centre*; and in which the pith is interposed between the fibrous fascicles, without medullary elongations, into diverging rays.

‘Second. THE DICOTYLEDONOUS, or those which have distinct concentric layers; whose solidity *decreases* from the *centre* to the *circumference*; and in which the pith is inclosed in a longitudinal canal, with medullary elongations, into diverging rays.’

The form and constituent particles of the embryo determine the manner of growth, and this fixes the character of the vegetable. The trunk of monocotyledonous plants is formed by the addition of fresh fascicles from the centre. As these push themselves up, the outside ones are compressed, and therefore become harder than the internal. This manner of growth is directly inverse to that of the dicotyledonous, in which the new layers are outermost. This unequal and scattered distribution of fascicles in the one case, and regular arrangement in the other, and the very dissimilar form and structure of these fascicles, enable us to determine the class to which the various stems belong.

These are the leading distinctions in the growth of the two divisions. But according to Professor Schleiden, the difference exists in the earliest stages of the cellular tissues. When the gummy solution is taken up, it is thickened into a jelly, which is soon changed into *citoblasts*, or germs. These are in the form of rounded lenticular bodies in the dicotyledonous plants. In the monocotyledonous they are more oval, and much larger.

This distinction in form corresponds with the difference in the form of the globules of the blood of herbeverous and carnivorous animals. If the same experiment could be made on their vital forces, we think they also would be found as essentially different. The blood is a transparent fluid, full of small globules. These globules differ in number and form, according to the character of the animal. In man, they are small, and nearly circular. In fishes and birds, they are larger, and of an oblong spheroidal form. They are larger in reptiles, and of a distinct form. The vital energy depends on the number and character of these globules. If an animal is bled to syncope, and the blood is permitted to flow on, death will speedily ensue. But if blood of a similar character, with globules of the same size and form, be injected into the veins, before the animal be entirely dead, it will recover. This operation was frequently resorted to in the seventeenth century, under the name of Transfusion. During the experiments, it was ascertained, that the vital principle contained in the globules depended on their size and form, and that the blood of the herbivorous would not answer for injection into the carnivorous animal. If blood with circular globules be transfused into the veins of an animal, whose blood contains eleptical globules, or *vice versa*, the animal will not recover. It has the power to rouse the animal for a time, but does not restore it.

The distinction in the size and form of these globules is wholly arbitrary, yet we see that life itself depends on it. If life is every where the same, and all animals are connected to, and spring from, each other, how came this difference in the blood? There appears to be no reason for it. Certainly, if the blood were transmitted from one animal to the other, in a natural descent, it would maintain its primary character. Admitting all that the advocates of the development hypothesis desire, that the natural longings of the animal, and the circumstances surround-



ing it, might change the length, location, and even the character of the limbs and organs generally, yet these circumstances could not change the globules of the blood; nor is there any perceivable reason for a change in their character. These peculiarities in the blood exist under similar circumstances, and depend not on external relations, but on internal necessity. The globules of one bird differ from those of another, although they inhabit the same locality.

Returning to the *végétable* cells, or *utricles*, we find the same diversity of forms, as in the globules of the blood. Some of these cells are round; others are oval; others lengthened and sharpened at the ends; others assume the shape of long tubes. These forms are modified by growth and pressure, becoming spheres, ellipsoids, polyhedrons, cubes or dies, prisms, dodecahedrons, etc. The question may be asked, as in the case of the globules, what law regulates these forms? To what power, other than the great *CREATING POWER*, can we ascribe these elementary peculiarities? We know that the various families are composed of *utricles*, fibres, or vessels, peculiar to themselves, and that the flowers of each family have the same number of whorls and similar leaves, and that the fruit of each partake of similar properties; beyond this, it is impossible to go. It has been said that the organs are the same, which, in a series of transformations, have assumed the different modifications we have seen. 'Observation,' says M. Jussieu, 'which proves the truth of theories, determines the contrary. On watching the development of a vessel we do not find any one which in its different phases would have represented all the other kinds of vessels; and the same thing may be said of cells. Remark moreover: first, that in each part of a plant such and such modifications of cells, of fibres, of vessels, are found. We have, for instance, in certain places unrollable *trachæ*, though in others we never meet with them. Second, that in spite of the similarity of the chemical composition of the walls, that of their contents is quite different, and like the shape, constant in appearance, and agreeing with the place which the cavity occupies in the vegetable. Thus, therefore, if all the elementary organs of vegetables commence their growth as *utricles*, among which we cannot discover any appreciable difference, except in their form, it is no less true that each utricle is destined from the beginning to assume in its ulterior development such a form, and no other; to contain or to elaborate such a substance, and no other. It is not, therefore, always the same organ.'

We have seen that the vegetable embryo, or germ, is different in the various classes, and that each has its own peculiar mode of germination. Animal embryos are also distinct in character, for however close the resemblance, there is a distinction, which, if beyond our optical power at first, soon manifests itself in their growth. There must be something in the embryo which gives direction to the individual growth, or there is an *INFINITE POWER* presiding over the development and growth of each one. This last position proves the immediate interposition, as well as the omnipresence, of the *SUPREME CAUSE*; and the former establishes the distinct and unchangeable character of each class. One of these positions must be correct, and as both of them contradict the

idea of transmutation, either of them answers our purpose. 'We know that one sort of an egg will only give rise to one sort of an animal,' says the learned Agassiz. 'Therefore we must admit, that as an egg of one kind gives rise only to one sort of an animal, there must be an immaterial principle presiding over these changes, which is invariable in its nature, and is properly the cause of the whole process.' The embryos of different animals are developed in their own peculiar mode. In some of them the yolk of the egg is divided and subdivided into innumerable little masses; in others the division is only partial; while in others the germ is elongated, and not divided at all. This division is effected differently in different animals; thus in fishes, the yolk is first depressed, then divided into halves, and then divided again at right angles; in other animals, the yolk is divided into four equal parts, and these subdivided into small yolklets. Indeed every species, as with vegetables, has its own peculiar mode of division, elongation and growth. The germs of some animals are surrounded by two or more envelopes; in others there is one only, as in fishes. In reptiles and mammalia there are two. These envelopes are differently formed, and arise from different portions of the yolk. Thus the radiata begin their growth by the formation of a distinct layer round the yolk, in the form of a spherical crust; while the alimentary cavity is formed in the lower part of the yolk. In the articulata the germ is formed in the lower part of the yolk, presenting a reversed position. Thus we see the first stages of growth are peculiar in each class. But if all these germs were developed in the same manner; if the same division took place, and a similar growth observed, the fact of an essential difference in its germinative principles could still be maintained. Vegetables standing side by side, drawing nourishment from the same soil, are different in their form and chemical properties; and animals living on the same kind of food have different organs; and similar organs with diversified powers and properties. The primordial elements are separated by the action of the digestive organs, and new combinations are formed by the assimilative powers of the animal system. In this formation some law must be observed, which is either stamped on the germ itself, or is obedient to the will of the Power from which the germ originated.

The bark of the vegetable kingdom is also marked by certain peculiarities. The bark of the dicotyledonous plants is composed of several parts; the epidermis, the cortical layer, the cellular layer, and the cortical fibres or liber. The suberous and cellular layers found in the dicotyledonous division, are never distinctly developed in the monocotyledonous, nor is the liber found in the latter. There are shades of difference in all these parts, too fine to be easily detected; indeed, they are frequently known by the influence only which they exert on the plant.

In passing from the bark to the leaves we are met with differences equally marked. The leaf is either palmate, or pinnate, according as the petiolar fascicle is divided into divergent ones, or continued in the median line. The dicotyledonous have articulated leaves, with dentate and crenate outlines, and are divided into lobes by angles. They

either radiate like spokes of a wheel, or follow the plane of the petiole. The leaf of the monocotyledons is more uniform and simple, and is not marked by that net-work of nerves which we find in the dicotyledons. These nerves are most generally parallel from the bottom to the top: in some cases there is a slight divergence, but they uniformly converge again as they approach the summit. The three great classes have nearly the same combination in the spiral arrangement of their leaves. The principal difference is found in the angles of divergence. The monocotyledons have generally three leaves to the whorl, while this arrangement is scarcely ever found in dicotyledons. Leaves which live under water differ very much in their construction from aerial ones. They have no epidermis, and consequently no stomata. Lengthened cells take the place of the fibro-vascular skeleton, which we find in aerial leaves. The parenchyma alone composes the leaf. Its cells are closely united together, but frequently present enlarged lacunæ, which are regular in form and arrangement, and are completely enclosed by the surrounding cells. These lacunæ are adapted and appear destined to diminish the specific gravity of the leaf, thus performing functions analogous to those performed by the bladders of fishes. The character and arrangement of the cells of the epidermus regulate the number, position, and form of the exhaling or cortical pores. These pores are known by the name of stomata, the number and arrangement of which are different in each of the great divisions.

The flowers of monocotyledons have five whorls, each of three parts; while the dicotyledons have four whorls, each having five parts. This is the marked difference between the two classes; but there are numerous variations which distinguish the minor divisions. These variations, however, never become parallel to each other. The fundamental distinctions are maintained in all the divisions and subdivisions. The multiplicity of forms and colors, each with a peculiar fragrance, and the great variety of pistils, petals, stamens, and stigma, are sufficiently marked to impress the most careless observer. They are so inseparably connected with every idea of delicacy and beauty; such fit emblems of elegance and purity, that he is unfortunate indeed who does not understand their language, and the lessons they are perpetually repeating.

The roots of the different classes have less to gratify the senses, but quite as much to convince the judgment in an inquiry like this. In the Acotyledons there is no distinction of parts in the embryo; the roots, therefore, are the tubular elongation only of the cells touching the soil. But in the monocotyledons and dicotyledons the radicles are distinct in the embryo, yet they are developed differently in each. In the first, the embryo is pierced to allow the radicle to pass, and is covered by a superficial layer, which forms a sheath for the root. In the latter, the radicular extremity of the axis is lengthened into what is called the tap-root, which throws off other roots sufficient to support the tree. The monocotyledonous roots are generally compound, but do not throw off so many branches as the dicotyledonous roots. The arrangement and development of the vessels differ materially from that observed in the stems. As the radicle is not found in the Acotyledons, there is

no analogy between their growth and that of the other classes. These cells are lengthened analogous to the epidermus, and accomplish their destiny by throwing off adventitious roots.

The respiratory organ differs in the different classes of vegetables, as in animals of different grades. The air enters through the stomata on the leaf, and penetrates the parenchyma and other layers before it reaches the cavities of the trachæ; but the trachæ is not the only respiratory membrane. Some plants, (the ferns, for instance,) have no true trachæ, yet their respiration is perfect. But these organs are not able to effect the chemical changes which take place without light. The plant, in respiring, decomposes the carbonic acid gas, and retains the carbon and a small portion of oxygen; but light is necessary for this labor. When plants are kept in the dark they lose their color and solidity, showing a loss of carbon, on which the solidity depends. During respiration vegetables throw off oxygen, and take up carbon; but at night, when respiration ceases, they throw off carbonic acid gas. The decomposition and consolidation of the elementary substances is effected by the action of the sun and water; while the color of the plant, and the growth of the woody parts, depend more directly on the elements of the solar rays, and the composition of the atmosphere.

As it is our object to show the distinctions between the various divisions, as evidence of their independent and distinct creation, and the fallacy of the transmutation hypothesis, we will be excused for noticing the harmony which exists between the vegetable kingdom and the laws of heat and light, and the revolutions of the earth. It has been ascertained that a ray of solar light contains several distinct principles: one portion represents color, another affects the temperature, while a third contains the chemical principle, which is invisible, and has no influence on the thermometer. Vegetation is regulated by the seasons; but what agency does light, and especially the harmonious action of these distinct principles, perform? This question was before the British Association last year, and was submitted to Mr. Hunt. From his report, it appears that light transmitted through yellow glass has little or no influence on the germination of seeds, from the fact that the chemical portion of the ray will not pass through that color. Every vegetable requires a certain portion of all these principles, and will not survive without them. And it is upon the changes in the proportion of them, that germination, growth, and fructification depend. These changes are in harmony with the seasons, and may result from them. 'It is now an ascertained fact,' says Mr. Hunt, 'that the solar beam during spring contains a large amount of the actinic principle, so necessary at that season for the germination of seeds and the development of buds. In summer there is a large proportion of the light-giving principle, necessary to the formation of the woody parts of the plant. As autumn approaches, the colorific or heat-giving principles of the solar rays increase. This is necessary to harden the woody parts, and prepare them for the approaching winter. It is thus that the proportions of the different principles are changed with the seasons; and thus that vegetation is germinated, grown, and hardened by them.'

We know not how these facts may act on the minds of others, but

in the axis of the earth, so arbitrary yet so essential; in the distinct principles of solar light, so mysterious, yet so powerful and important in their action on vegetable life; and in the adaptation in the proportion of these principles to the seasons and necessities of the kingdom, we recognize the strongest evidence of the existence of an INFINITE WISDOM and an ever-active GOODNESS.

The growth of the wood is also different. We have referred to the internal and external modes of growth. In connexion with this, we should notice the differences which exist between the trachæ, cells, lactiferous vessels, and fascicles. The elements of the fascicles of the dicotyledonous plant are divided after the first year; one remaining as the ligneous, the other becoming the cortical system. This division never takes place in the monocotyledonous plant. The distribution and arrangement of the fascicles are entirely different in the acotyledons. They have no unrollable trachæ; indeed, in every particular they differ from the other divisions. The stems of acotyledons grow at their summit, by the lengthening of the fascicles already formed. This differs wholly from the mode observed in the case of the dicotyledons and monocotyledons.

It is truly wonderful to contemplate the multiplicity of forms found in the vegetable kingdom; but this astonishment is increased when we think of the different powers which these various forms possess. The perfect adaptation of their organs to the offices they perform, and the infinite chemical combinations elaborated by them, force us to recognize them as separate and distinct creations. In this review of the different parts of the grand divisions of the kingdom, we have seen some of the leading distinctions between them. We find there is no point in the different plants, nor period in their growth, in which the distinct features are lost. They are stamped on the elementary parts; continued in the various stages of their growth and decay; never represent each other; never run into each other, but are always distinct.

The question now presents itself; is it probable or even possible, that these differently constituted plants, sprung from the same parent stock? Their constituent elements are differently combined, their forms are dissimilar; and their organs are not only unlike in themselves, but elaborate various substances, and form different compounds, out of the same soil. If any such transmutation took place in the early ages of the world; would we not know something of the fact, through the pages of Botanic history. But when did it occur? The seeds taken from the monuments of Egypt, produced plants precisely like those of the present day; yet they must have been locked up for centuries. During this period, time does not appear to have produced any change in the vegetable creation. A few plants have been slightly changed in their external appearance by cultivation and change of locality; but their chemical properties are essentially the same.

If in addition to the distinctions which we have seen, there appears to be an important end obtained by them; it will be impossible to resist the conclusion to which they point. We cannot contemplate the great variety and beauty of the vegetable creation, and enjoy the fragrance of our gardens and prairies, without feeling grateful to the AUTHOR of

their existence. Yet these are subordinate offices only, compared with the more important parts they perform in the economy of nature. It is their adaptation to the performance of these offices; their distribution over the continents; their chemical and medicinal properties, and their general usefulness to man, which most clearly prove them the offspring of an intelligent and kind CREATOR. It has been said, that it was quite as important to provide for the wants of man as to create him. But the great question involved is, how was he created? By what direct and intelligent POWER, if by any? Did the same wisdom provide for his wants that gave him life? or did these supplies result fortuitously from the operations of the forces which elaborated the human soul? In the distribution of vegetables, we find much that is interesting and instructing. In the vegetable creation, as in every thing else, a general compensation takes place between the different portions of the globe we inhabit. An examination of the geography of vegetables, will show us that the *cereals*, the most useful class, are successfully cultivated as far north as seventy degrees. But this depends on the modifications of the climate; for they are not generally found north of the polar circle. The line varies between fifty-one and seventy degrees north latitude. Barley, rye and oats are cultivated in Sweden and Norway; and as far as the fifty-seventh degree in Russian America. Wheat is produced in Scotland, England, France, Germany, Hungary, Central Asia, North America, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Chili, at the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, and New Holland. In Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, and South America, maize and rice take the place of wheat. Rice supplies its place in China and Japan; but it is not confined to those countries; it is successfully cultivated in both divisions of the western world. Rye and barley are scattered from the seventieth degree north latitude, as far south as Van Dieman's Island. Thus it is seen, that these, the most useful of all plants, are adapted to almost every climate on earth.

The potatoe has spread into every cultivated country. In the low countries between the tropics, other vegetable products are provided to supply the wants of man. The banana, date, cocoa-nut, yam, and bread-fruit, are scattered over the whole intertropical zone. They commence where the cereals stop; and appear to be better adapted to the inhabitants of those countries. These grains and plants are adapted to a great variety of climate and soil; much more so, than any other class. The loss of one is compensated by the spontaneous growth of another, answering the same purposes. This power of accommodation, and ability to mature under so great a variety of climate, is not given to any other division of the vegetable kingdom. Many of the largest, and apparently the hardiest plants and trees, are confined to very limited zones, and soon wither and die if removed beyond them.

Next in importance to these edible plants, we may notice those valuable for chemical and medicinal purposes. This field is so large, that we can select a few only of the principal ones. In this we will discover the results of the different organs heretofore referred to. In one family, we find the *Euphorbia*, *Ipecacuanha*, *Castor-oil plant*, *Tigilium*



*Janipha*, *Manchineel*, etc. These are found together, yet how different in character. From the first, second and third, some of our best, and mildest, as well as our most active purgatives are derived. The *janipha* supplies food for a large part of the population of South America; while the poisonous shade of the *manchineel* verifies the extravagant stories about the deadly *upas*. In another family, we find the hop, hemp, mulberry, fig, Indian-rubber, bread-fruit-tree, and *antiaries toxicaria*. Here is a most remarkable combination of dissimilar properties in the same family. The bread-fruit-tree, so indispensably necessary to the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. The hemp, invaluable in commerce; the hop, in cooking; and the Indian-rubber for apparel. The fig supplies us with a most valuable fruit; while the *Anticaris Toxicaria*, yields strychnine, an alcaloid very useful in chemistry and medicine.

Again, we have the rhubarb, *Mirabilis*, *Jalapa*, *Cistis Creticus*, mustard, poppy, kalumba, cassia senna, *capaifera*, etc., all esteemed for their medicinal properties. It has been said, and we think with much truth, that every country and climate, produces in the form of vegetable and mineral compounds, all the remedies that the diseases of each locality require. That nature, like a vast chemical laboratory, is constantly preparing and storing up all that we need, as astringents, febrifuges, oils, acids, cathartics, tonics, emetics, etc.; and that all the deficiencies result from our ignorance of the medicinal properties of the indigenous plants. In this class, the last mentioned, we find our most active cathartics, tonics, etc., while another supplies our balsams and gums. It is by these, we are armed with remedies for the disorders and derangements of the human system. But the goodness of the CREATOR stops not here. Every where in nature, from the fragrant flower of the desert, to the indescribable display of power above our heads; beauty is inwrought with the useful.

Abundant provision is also made to gratify the various tastes, which seem to result from the variety in nature. The *Rese da luteola*, *Log-wood*, *Indigofera*, *Anchusa tinctoria*, supply the materials for coloring and enriching the plain fabric, which the cotton plant and mulberry leaf, enable us to construct. We refer to the peculiar properties of the mulberry; not forgetting the fact, that man with all his boasted superiority, is a dependent on the worm, too frequently crushed beneath his feet. The silk-worm cannot accomplish the object of its creation without the mulberry leaf; the substance upon which it feeds; and God, as if to ensure the continuation of this useful species, has so ordained it, that no other insect will partake of the same food; thus ensuring a certain supply for the little spinster. This appears to be a small matter; but it as clearly exhibits design and goodness in the creative POWER, as the laws which hold the bodies of our astral and stellar systems together.

Other vegetables furnish genius the means of perpetuating the features of the departed; and of transferring to canvass all that is sublime and beautiful in natural scenery. To these beautiful provisions for supplying our wants, and securing our happiness, a great variety of fruits have been added, which, if not necessary, appear almost indis-



pensable. Throughout the whole vegetable kingdom, this adaptation to the wants and happiness of man has been observed. Numerous as are the tastes, and desires of the human family, they are all supplied from nature's inexhaustible store-house. All around us minister to our good. Every noble sentiment of the heart finds something without to purify and increase it. Thus all our longings for the undefined, are insensibly fixed on the future; and the higher faculties of the soul, fitted for the enjoyment of the unknown treasures of the INFINITE and ETERNAL.

We have seen the relation the vegetable kingdom sustains to man, in supplying his wants and gratifying his desires. We have now to notice the adaptation of the members to their location; and the general and very important office which they perform in the economy of nature. And first their adaptation. Plants indigenous to mountains and dry wastes, have gutters in their leaf-stems by which the moisture they collect on their leaves is conveyed to the roots. They are also distinguished by a power they possess of attracting water from the vapor in the air. The *parietaria* possesses this power in a remarkable degree. We are assured by travellers, that there is a tree in the mountains of Ferro, which furnishes the inhabitants large quantities of water by distilling it from the clouds which it attracts, and depositing it in reservoirs around the tree; from which it is drawn by the inhabitants. Many of the plants of low grounds have their first leaves in the form of furrows or little spoons; as those of the violet and the different species of grain and grass. In the spring you may see turfts of young leaves raising themselves toward heaven like paws to catch the falling drops; but most of these leaves lose their gutter form as they grow older. It is permanent only in mountain plants, where it is always necessary. In these, says Saint Pierre, it continues to conduct the rain water into the tree from the leaf of the branch. The branch, by the obliquity of its position, conveys it to the trunk, from thence it descends to the roots. The bark is also adapted to the same purpose, being always cleft lengthwise and never across. The corolla of flowers is formed in relation to the heat of the sun, and their duration is regulated by the quantity of heat they are intended to collect. Some are protected by their form from the rays of the sun; others are adapted to sustain the full effulgence of his rays without injury. Some are provided with dusky reflectors; others have the power of closing as occasion may require; others are provided with parasols by which they are protected; like the crown imperial, whose flowers are shaded by a plume of green leaves. Some have curves, by which they collect the heat at the centre; in others, the curves are so arranged that they are able to dissipate the heat. Notwithstanding the large size and whiteness of the cup of the lily, the more it expands the more it disperses the heat; and thus at noon-day in midsummer, when all other flowers are exhausted, it is enabled to raise itself above its drooping associates. Other flowers have parts to protect them from the cold; others are adapted to bloom on the surface of the water; such as the flowers of the *Utricularia*, which float on the margin of lakes, and accommodate themselves to the motion of the waves without having their centers wet by them, by

means of long pliant stems. The *Valesneria* are remarkable examples of this class. They grow abundantly on the Rhine, and would be exposed to frequent inundations by the sudden overflows of that river, had they not been provided with stems formed like cork-screws, which easily stretch out to the length of three or four feet, and when the water subsides, settle back again like an elastic spring; in this way keeping their blossoms always on the surface of the water. The buds of flowers are protected even from their own stems. While very small and tender they are wrapped in a tough integument, called *calix*. The more rough and branching the plant is, the thicker is the calix. This calix is sometimes in the form of a cap, and armed with bristles, as may be seen in the rose. These protections are not found on flowers that grow on stems without branches. The holly shows that they are not only provided with means to protect themselves from dangers within, but from external attacks. The edges of the leaves are provided with long sharp spines, up as high as cattle can reach; as they are safe above that point, and the protecting spines no longer necessary, they are found to be perfectly smooth. Southey says:

‘BELOW, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
 Wrinkled and keen;  
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round  
 Can reach to wound;  
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.’

In our previous article, we referred to the adaptation of the algæ or sea-weed, to the office they perform, and the arrangement of the pores and respiratory system of mountain plants, adapting them to the increased rarity of the atmosphere; which are beautiful adaptations.

We have thus briefly and imperfectly, noticed the distinctions in the vegetable kingdom; their adaptation to the various localities; and to the wants of man. We proceed to trace the fundamental distinctions existing between the two kingdoms. The phenomenon of life, their structure, and the chemical composition of the constituent substances, are essentially different. Vegetables have the power merely of supporting themselves, and of reproducing their species; while animals have the faculty of determinate motion; and of receiving and perceiving external impressions. Animals are endowed with a greater number of faculties, and are therefore necessarily supplied with more complicated organs. The differences, however, are not confined to the organs; the structure of the constituent tissues is very dissimilar. The tissues of vegetables are composed of cells or utricle, furnished with walls, hollow in the centre. In animals, the tissues are composed of filaments or laminæ, which intercross each other; forming membranes more or less spongy; but not divided into cells as in vegetables. These cells are sometimes found in animals; but they are not permanent, merely transitory. We adhere to the opinion generally entertained before the investigations of Professor Schwann. His conclusions have not received the unqualified approbation of our most distinguished physiologists. Professor Agassiz, speaks of the results of Professor Schwann's investigations, approvingly; but thinks they will be somewhat modified. Previous, and we may add, subsequent inves-

tigations, are against the Professor; nor has he or any person else been able to explain the peculiar stages of development in animal tissues, by the cell theory. The chemical composition of these cells is peculiar, not only in each of the kingdoms, but in the grand divisions of both. Cellulose—composed of nearly equal parts of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen—forms the principal part of the cellular mass in plants; while gelatine—composed of unequal parts of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen—is the primary material in animals. To this rule, Professor Mulder says, no exception has ever been discovered. The skeleton of the tissues of vegetables are composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen only; while azote or nitrogen is united with them in the tissues of animals. Azotised matter is sometimes found in vegetables, but does not appear necessary or natural to them. When vegetable and animal membranes are decomposed, the differences in the products are easily distinguished.

Another fundamental difference between the two kingdoms exists in the manner of their growth. Vegetables absorb in organic particles by the extremity of their roots; while animals feed upon organic particles, and absorb their nutriment by the ramifications of the nervous and lymphatic vessels in the intestinal tube. The food of animals is previously prepared by digestion, accomplished by organs peculiar to them. In this process of digestion, the animal destroys the organic substances and then throws off, by respiration, excretions, etc., the rude substances upon which vegetables subsist.

Again, their respiration is entirely different. Animal respiration is performed without intermission during life; while light is indispensibly necessary to the respiration of plants. If this fact had received the attention to which it is entitled, much of the difficulty attending the examination of the *Fovilla*, *Chara*, and other plants which appeared to exhibit signs of animal life, would have been avoided; and the boundary between the two kingdoms settled much earlier. The small moveable chemical compound found in these vegetables, resembles the *Infusorial animalculæ*; but it has been ascertained that their motion is regulated by light, and is wholly dependent on it; and that when it is withdrawn they become stationary, thus assuming their vegetable character. This motion appears to be the act merely of germination; effected under the influence of light; as the germs never exhibit the phenomenon the second time.

The respiratory organ is different in each of the divisions of the vegetable kingdom, as well as in the different grades of animal life; and in each case, admirably adapted to the condition and wants of the organism. In man it is so constructed, that beside ministering to the oxygenation of the blood, its primary office in the economy of life; it becomes the instrument of voice and expression, two properties which have relation to his intellectual nature. The apparatus required for adapting the organ of breathing to these superadded endowments, is altogether different from that which is found in the lower animals; where the organ is subservient only to the purification of the blood. As a correspondence must exist between the structure of the different moving parts of the frame, and the nervous system which regulates

the action of the body, the change in the construction of the organ is accompanied with a change in the arrangement of the nerves. Accordingly a distinct class of nerves is appropriated in the human frame to the organ of respiration, called the respiratory nerves.

Sir Charles Bell, made a very careful examination of the nerves arising from the *medulla oblongata*, and found that they were all distributed to those parts, which together, form the organ of respiration. The *portiodura* is sent to the nostrils and mouth; and to the exterior orifices of the tube which leads to the lungs. The *glosso-pharyngeol*, goes to the posterior openings of the nostrils, and to the upper part of the windpipe. The superior and inferior laryngeal nerves, branches of the Par vagum, supply the larynx, which is the organ of voice. The Par vagum then descends into the chest, and is distributed chiefly to the windpipe and lungs; but branches of it extend to the heart. The spinal accessory nerve is sent to the muscles of the shoulders and neck, which combine with those of the chest, in dilating the lungs. This mechanism is very different from that found in lower animals: and the reason is obvious. In the lower classes of animals, the organ is limited to one function, that of oxygenating the blood; while in man, it becomes the organ of voice and the instrument of articulate language.

To regulate the action of the superadded mechanism, a new and distinct class of nerves become necessary. Something certainly, which must have been provided and adapted to their office, by a wisdom above the animal organism. By studying the nature of the respiratory organ it will be seen that these new and distinct nerves are indispensable to man; but that they are not necessary in the organization of the lower animals. The first essential thing is, says Mr. Shaw, that the air for oxygenating the blood be received into a closed cavity, communicating with the external atmosphere by a single tube; the second is, that this cavity be capable of contracting on the volume of air within, so as to expel it along the tube with sufficient force to produce sound. But this formation is not found in animals. No traces of a true chest and windpipe are found below the class *vertabrata*. In the lower animals, there is neither circulating system or distinct respiratory organ. The first or lowest animal respiratory organ is merely a few prolongations of the integument of the animal in the shape of turfts or fringes, which float in the water, and thus expose the blood to the oxygen contained in that element. The Polype, is an example of this organism. The next formation of this organ is in the shape of small sacs within the animal, in which the integument is folded inward upon itself. The apparatus in many insects is a modification of this structure. Ranged regularly along the sides of their bodies, there is a succession of holes which are the openings of a series of small tubes which extend through their interior, by which means the air communicates with the blood. The next organization is that of the branchial or gills found in fish. In fish, we first find the mouth connected with the respiratory organ. This connection requires a new organization to expand and compress the chest, that the air may be received into and expelled from the chest.

As we advance in the scale of organisms we find, as in the mammalia, a new apparatus; the diaphragm, a partition between the abdominal and thoracic cavities, stretching across from the lower border of the ribs on one side to the other. The diaphragm circumscribes the space for containing the lungs, and thereby gives greater force to the expansion and contraction of those organs; and acts as a powerful muscle of respiration in dilating the area of the chest. It is thus by the combined and harmonious action of these new and distinct nerves and organs, that man is enabled to produce vocal sounds and articulate language. The respiratory mechanism of man corresponds with his superior endowments; supplying him as it does, with an organ adapted to the great purposes of communicating thought and evolving the powers of his mind; the attribute by which he holds his exalted position in creation.

According to Plato, in his Protagoras, the ignorance of Epimetheus would have left man 'naked and unshod, unbedded and unarmed,' had it not been for the kindness of Prometheus, who stole the artificial wisdom of Vulcan and Minerva for him, which, together with fire, gave him a divine condition; and enabled him to protect himself from the severity of the seasons and the ferocity of beasts. But he was not entirely superior, until he had learned to articulate sounds and words, and had received the gifts of 'Shame and Justice,' from Hermes, the authorized agent of Jupiter.

Having been led in our view of the respiratory organ, to notice the adaptations of the nerves, we will be excused for devoting a moment more to that subject. The circulating system is affected also, by the superadded mechanism of the higher animals. As the respiratory organ approaches the perfection which it attains in man, the blood vessels are divided into two distinct systems; the one for purifying the blood, and the other for distributing it over the body. Some of the most beautiful adaptations in the human system, are connected with the circulation of the blood. As the act of respiration, momentarily obstructs the flow of blood into the veins, if it be strong, regurgitation may be the result. It is obvious from this, that the veins may become congested; and be in great danger of serious injury. The veins of the head leading to the brain and eyes, are protected from these dangers, by an arrangement of the muscles of the neck, which cover and protect them. These muscles combine in sympathy with the movements of the chest, so as to compress the veins where there is a tendency to regurgitation; and to remove the pressure where the chest is expanded. The *orbicularis*, which covers the eye, is a part of the same provision. It compresses the eye-ball when the chest is violently contracted; by which means the veins at the back of the orbit are closed, preventing engorgement of the fine branches which ramify on the delicate coats within. This is a distinct provision to protect the eye from danger of engorgement by violent respiration; for this muscle is not found in animals, where the respiratory organ acts feebly. There is a second beautiful arrangement to protect this delicate organ from engorgement or violent circulation. The veins which ramify in

the interior of the organ, between the delicate membranes that support the retina, make a circular sweep previous to entering its principal vein. This is an admirable structure for breaking the force of a retrograde current of blood, and gradually diffusing it over the membrane.

But we return to the differences in the respiration of the two kingdoms, which appear more distinctly in the action and result than in the formation of the organ itself. In our paper on 'Physical Geography' we referred to the various agents employed in the economy of nature in supplying the constant demand for carbonic acid; among which we spoke of the office performed by the animal kingdom. We therefore refer to that article for facts which we will not repeat. Animals are constantly throwing off carbonic acid, indispensably necessary to vegetables; while the vegetable kingdom supplies animals with oxygen, alike important to their existence, thus making an exchange, and contributing to the life and growth of each other.

There appears little or no analogy between the two kingdoms in the actions of nutrition and respiration, and certainly none can be found in the organic apparatus which performs these functions. As we have just seen, the different products which result from their action are so combined, that they make continual interchanges, by which they secure a counterbalance and maintain an admirable equilibrium in the midst of the disorder, which seems inevitable, but which is never permitted in the harmonious actions of nature.

This is one instance only of the many to which we might refer, proving the adaptation of the various parts of Nature's complex machinery. Reciprocity, mutual exchange between the various members, is one of the first laws of life, written upon matter by the stern hand of Necessity. But in its operation we find all that is beautiful to the eye and dear to the heart. This connecting link, running through the whole of created matter, binding each separate organism and all the primordial elements in relations of dependency, is not only the triple tie of nature, but the beginning and source of innumerable blessings. Through it strength becomes the protection of weakness; age of infancy; and wisdom and purity are driven to the rescue of ignorance and corruption. The beautiful and tender relations of the domestic circle, and all the ties and obligations of society, depend upon and result from this law. So in nature, the mountain uses its elevation in collecting the moisture from the clouds, to pour it down upon the valleys, in the form of rain. The distant portions of the earth are forced into exchange by the diversity of climate; while the oceans, by which they are separated, furnish the best means for knitting them together by the ties of commercial reciprocity.

While the various organisms do not spring from each other, they are bound to each other in the most intimate relations, by an unalterable law, which is both the means of their continued existence and the foundation of their happiness. He only who is unable to discover the grandeur and beauty of the relation, and the wisdom of the great PRIMARY CAUSE, is without the mighty circle, cheered by the presence



and warmed by the goodness of the CREATOR, and is not likely to share its ultimate blessings.

'O NATURE! all-sufficient over all,  
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works;  
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,  
World beyond world, in infinite extent,  
Profusely scattered o'er the void immense,  
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,  
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep  
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;  
Thrust blooming thence the vegetable world;  
O'er that the rising system, more complex,  
Of animals; and, higher still, the mind,  
The varied scene of quick, compounded thought.'

TO THE GIRL OF 'OUR CHOIR.'

BY H. W. ROCKWELL

I.

SWEET girl! whose lips in language move  
That hardly seems their own:  
As if the music of a bird  
Dwelt in thy heart's pure tone:

II.

If I had vowed to love no more,  
Vowed, though no word were spoken,  
What e'er my fate through life might be,  
That vow might now be broken!

III.

By every stolen rose the mind  
Hath hidden in thy cheek,  
By every starlight gleam that makes  
Thine eye's sweet darkness meek:

IV.

I claim thee now, though far apart  
We roam Life's wintry sea;  
Friendship has stole Love's brightest dart  
For star-eyed Memory!

V.

By these have I been conquered; yet  
Dearer than aught I claim,  
Is that pure heart, amid whose thoughts  
Love writes *another* name.

Utica, Oct., 1850.



## T H E   L A S T   N I G H T .

He lay at midnight on a bed  
That rested not his weary head,  
And watched the flickering lamp-light fall  
In shadows on the chamber-wall.

Without, November's sullen blast  
Went moaning by,  
As if the voice of wailing filled  
The darkened sky:  
No other sound the stillness broke,  
Till one, that paced along,  
Half hummed, half sang, the fragment of  
An old familiar song:  
It was a song of midnight mirth,  
And quick before his gaze  
Arose the many festal scenes  
That crowned his early days.

Old school-companions, dead in youth,  
About his pillow came;  
Looked on him with familiar eyes,  
And called him by his name:  
Some had perished in their strength  
Upon the distant sea,  
And some had withered in their homes  
Like blossoms from the tree:  
His heart in shuddering silence heard  
The sound of hollow mirth,  
From lips long hidden in the deep,  
Or in the crumbling earth.

The chamber, too, wherein he lay,  
Had been the scene of boyish play;  
He raised his eyes, and through his tears  
Looked backward in the vale of years:  
The night was dark, the lamp was dim,  
But darkness nothing hid from him.

He saw his mother, young and fair,  
A sickly infant tending there;  
She watched her charge by night and day,  
Without an aid,  
Save such as holy angels sent  
Her when she prayed.

The child she tended grew in strength,  
But never knew  
How much of wo that fainting heart  
Had struggled through:  
In later years he went alone  
Where she was laid,  
And kneeling by the time-worn stone,  
In sorrow prayed:  
The waving grass, the hillock green,  
The old neglected flowers,  
A fleeting shadow cast upon  
His young and happy hours:

But soon the sunshine came again,  
And never more he trod  
The ground where she that nurtured him  
Had mingled with the clod.

The hillock green, the sunken stone,  
Her last and maiden name,  
The solemn text of scripture there  
Before his vision came :  
'The golden bowl,' the sentence ran,  
His own was shattered now,  
And Faith had set no seal upon  
His dark and wasted brow.

More wanderers trod the silent street,  
The sound of laughter came ;  
He thought he heard familiar lips  
Grow busy with his name :  
The bell was muffled, and his friends,  
With whom in days before  
He laughed away his hopes of heaven,  
Were pausing at the door.

They knew the signs of sad disease,  
Perhaps of coming death,  
And as they passed, their whispered tones  
Were partly under breath :  
His eye grew brighter, but again,  
Ere yet the last was by,  
Some merry joke the echoes woke,  
And laughter sounded high.

'Nay, *one* will weep when I am gone !'  
O happy are our eyes,  
That only see the little space  
That round about us lies !  
She wept, indeed, when mourners bore  
Their burden past her mother's door ;  
But not such tears as women shed,  
Whose hearts are buried with the dead.

The early dawn came peeping through  
The curtain's heavy fold ;  
The watcher, waking from his sleep,  
And half benumbed with cold,  
Awoke, and went with haggard pace  
To look upon the sleeper's face.

Before the night had passed away  
The creature had returned to clay.

'He died in sleep,' the watcher said ;  
'In peace ; for see, he smiled.'  
God only knows what later thought  
His passing breath beguiled !  
Perhaps his mother's prayers were heard,  
And angel voices came  
To call him to her breast again,  
By his familiar name :  
I cannot tell ; but from the clay  
The happy smile passed not away.

Siema.

## INGLESIDE REMINISCENCES.

BY BACHELOR BEAUGLENO.

ROSALIE D'ELAMERE.

THREE miles from Havre, in a fertile hollow, lies the sleepy little hamlet of Royés. To this place I was advised to proceed by the excellent hostess to whom I have alluded, for, as she assured me, it had many antidotes to ennui; a complaint made known to the French by English travellers, and regarded with unimaginable disgust by that volatile people.

The country looked much better after its washing, and I entered the merry little inn with better spirits than I supposed possible after my late harrowing of nerves. I say merry little inn, not that there was a group of rubicund fellows at the door, whiling away time with stale jests and drunken laughter, as is often seen in England; the merriment of this was of a quiet kind. The house was constructed of rough beams, of divers shapes such as the tree wore before it groaned and fell. The interstices were filled with clay, roughly plastered, and tinted with a lively color. The house was one of many such throughout the land. A gourd-vine had climbed to the eaves, and was peeping down the chimney, the large leaves being fresher and larger than those below; and well they might, feeding as they did daily on the savory steam that ascended like incense from the kitchen altar. The gourds were rapidly hastening to maturity, assisted by the warm sun, and no less warm chimney. A kitten was catching flies in the window, and a dog was dancing erect on the door-step to the music of a flageolet, played by a cherry-cheeked youngster, who kept time with his wooden shoes, producing a noise similar to the castanet. A pot of mignonette in the window-sill filled the air with fragrance, and a clock tolling the hour, with a most musical voice, completed this combination of attractions. As I dismounted, the garçon came to our assistance, and after many directions from Françoise, led away the horses, whistling a lively tune as he went.

The entrance-room was neatly sanded, and papered with the history of Paul and Virginia, in tableaux. The pendulum of a Swiss clock frisked to and fro across the wall, now springing into Paul's face, then threatening to disappear in the branches of a stunted palm-tree beside Virginia. A lively parrot was perched near the window, with a chain attached to its leg, and fastened to a hook in the wall. A huge lemon-tree stood in the centre of the floor, and brushed the ceiling with its glossy leaves. After this description, you will think the term 'merry' no misnomer. I awaited the host or hostess, half reclined on a comfortable settee, and noting the above-mentioned pendants to the whole picture. A door opposite to me I had decided upon as the entrance-port of the owners of the inn, inasmuch as there was but one other,

which opened on the street. I turned quickly as the lock clicked the approach of some one, and there stood — the landlady. There stood a young being, irresolute whether to enter or retreat, with a straw hat slung on her arm, and the head — it were a shame to conceal by its broad rim — half bent in salutation, and a serio-comic smile, curling the rosiest lips, dimpling the plumpest cheeks, and brightening the brightest eyes I had looked upon for many a day. I arose, bowed politely as possible, and the form (a very fine one, too) advanced into the room, bowed again slightly, and vanished through the other door. I was just wondering rather suspiciously whether there was but one egress from the house, when a tall, pale gentlemen entered, and welcomed me to his hotel. After many apologies for his delay, I was ushered through *the* door into an entry, and across that to a pleasant little room, with one window, which was shaded by a luxuriant multi-flora. Before entering this room, however, I convinced myself by a rapid glance that there *was* another egress from the house, and that it lay at the end of the entry. Mentally accusing the fair vision of coquetry, and all its attendant frailties, I put François on the scent to discover who and what she might be. In the meanwhile, lulled by the drowsy influences of the room, I fell asleep, and dreamed of the vision. When I awoke, François was arranging my toilet.

‘Well, François?’ said I, yawning with feigned nonchalance.

‘It is Mademoiselle D’Elamere. She is a pensioner with her grandparents, and her brother, too.’ Here François shrugged his shoulders expressively.

‘This brother is a Turk, then?’

‘No, Monsieur, not exactly that.’

‘A roué, then — I have it.’

‘Not exactly that either, Monsieur. He is — what do you call him?’ François tipped the water-bottle to his mouth, with an expressive look.

‘Ah, a drunkard! — fie, who could be such a brute with such a sister? We shall see them at the table d’hôte — will we not, François?’

‘Yes, Monsieur, shortly.’

I was the first one seated, anxious to meet the pretty coquette. A fine-looking old gentleman, and a withered little lady, half hid beneath the bows of her cap, entered soon after myself, followed by a very pale youth and the rosy sister, the latter taking aim at me, with numerous darts concealed around her eyes and lips. I had prepared myself for a skirmish of light artillery, and was too gallant not to be mortally wounded after a short resistance. I had leisure, however, to notice the unsteady hand of the sullen brother, and to wonder that it was possible for his relatives to indulge themselves, even temperately, with the fatal liquor that was hurrying him to such beastly degradation. It was sad to see Rosalie (for thus they named her) drinking the health of her acquaintance with merry laughter, while her brother quaffed deeply in the same manner.

The old lady was evidently a retired veteran, and watched her Rosalie with keen delight. The old man was very sad, without vivacity, and evidently pressed with anxiety. We sat until a late hour, and I

noticed that the youth walked steadily out of the room. Rosalie wore a full bloomed rose : as she was leaving, I begged for it. She extended it playfully, but I shrank as I bent to kiss her hand, for her breath, as it issued through her roguish smile, was tainted with wine. How *could she* indulge in it ! At midnight I was aroused by a loud howl. At first I thought it came from a dog, but after listening sometime, became convinced of its human origin. It was soon followed by scuffling. After a while the noise ceased. François made his appearance.

‘Don’t be alarmed, Monsieur, it is only M. D’Elamère in a fit of liquor.’

‘Shocking ! does he always howl when he is tipsy ?’

‘He is one brute, Monsieur, and the young lady ——.’

‘Proceed.’

‘Is a little, a little — ah ——.’

‘Yes, a little tipsy sometimes.’

‘Oui, Monsieur, so they tell me below. Three of them have died that way.’

‘Any female among them ?’

‘One sister, Monsieur.’

‘Horrible ! You may go, François. Three of the family, and yet the old people *can* abide the presence of liquor — ay, and drink it in their presence. What a world this is !’

I could sleep no more, but arose early, and strolled out to an old tower near by ; it was a remnant of Roman power. As I leaned against a tree, comparing the sprightly, sensual Rosalie with the spiritual, exalted Anna, a light laugh above startled me from my reverie. It was Rosalie ; she was looking down upon me through a loop-hole in the tower. Her brother stood beside her, gloomy and pale. I bowed coldly. She perceived my coolness, and gliding down the ruined staircase, came to my side. Placing her hand on my arm, she whispered :

‘I must beg you to forgive us for the noise that disturbed you last night. My brother is subject to cataleptic fits, but he is better than formerly ; much better since we came here. We are from Bordeaux ; but grandpa came here hoping to benefit Felix.’

She paused for a reply.

‘I was at first startled,’ said I, ‘but was not much disturbed. I sincerely hope your brother will recover. His disorder is not contagious, I trust ; it would be grievous for you to be similarly affected.’

‘Not at all, Monsieur,’ she unhesitatingly replied, ‘my health is admirable. Felix, Felix, do not stand so near the edge !’—she darted from me to her brother, who proved intractable. I hurried to her aid. Felix was beside himself again. Catalepsy affected him in an unusual manner ; he capered, screamed, and howled. In one hand he held a quart bottle of alcohol, which he had smuggled in his pocket. I was obliged to call for help. A couple of peasants came to the rescue. The bottle was wrested from him, and he borne howling home. That night he died a raving maniac, with the vulture Alcohol tearing his vitals. He was buried. His sister put on mourning, which became her well, looked very serious a couple of days, but on the third forgot all propriety, and was carried intoxicated to bed.

I had stepped up to François's room, which happened to adjoin hers. As I was leaving it, imagine my amazement at meeting a group bearing in their midst the senseless form of Rosalie.

'She has fainted,' whispered the wrinkled old dame to me.

'Cataplexy?' asked I, utterly disgusted. She bowed assent, and I waited until they had entered the room; but before I reached mine, a deep grunt saluted my ears. François came with lights, dried fruits, and wine.

'Take it away,' I cried, pointing to the latter. 'Poor, wretched Rosalie — lost, doomed!'

The next morning, as I descended to breakfast, I met the old man. He looked at me, bowed sadly, and was passing on. I followed, wishing to draw him into conversation. He placed his arm in mine, and we sallied out. For some moments he was silent; tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks.

'Ah, dear Sir,' said he, 'it is sad to see the young cut off in so foul a way. My poor Felix had fine abilities once, but liquor destroyed every vestige of himself before you saw him.'

I listened attentively. One of this family was truthful; I respected him. He perceived it, and continued:

'The same fatal taste pursues Rosalie. Her good constitution buoys her up, but it will soon break. Ah, me!'

'It were better for her to die,' said I.

'Far better; but I have a project in view to save her. I shall try to get her into an insane hospital. There is one near here. If I could ask your assistance.'

'Certainly,' I replied, 'I will aid you in any way.'

Before we parted, all was arranged for the consummation of his plan. Sympathy had caused me to forget every selfish consideration. Upon reflection, I almost regretted my precipitation. It was too late to retract. The next day Rosalie met me with smiles. I invited her to take a jaunt. With delight the young inebriate acquiesced. My horses were fleet, and the good grandpa grateful. The old lady, evidently indignant at not being invited, endeavored to prevent Rosalie from going, but the beauty was resolute. We rode through a charming country, and stopped at the gate of a charming chateau.

'Superb!' cried Rosalie.

'Prepare for a surprise,' said I.

We alighted and entered. A man conducted us to a gallery filled with paintings and statuary; from thence a female invited her to a chamber to prepare for dinner. She kissed her hand to us as the door was closing behind her. I never saw her again. We returned to the dame, who was informed of all. Her rage at first was great, but at length she yielded to necessity. The old man returned to Bordeaux, to settle his affairs. In his absence the wife died suddenly. I afterward received a letter from him, informing me of his second marriage, and of Rosalie's improvement. I kept trace of them several years, and one bright day received a letter of thanks, in a female hand, and signed by the now free and permanently reformed Rosalie.

She remained three years in the asylum, then returned to her grand

parent, married well, and by her deportment testified the gratitude she so warmly felt. She often wrote to me. Once I should have thought death a mercy to her, but it was not without deep regret and many tears that I read the obituary of Rosalie D'Elamère.

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A S K E T C H .

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BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

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'T was a soft morn of Italy; the sky  
 Vied with the blue that charms in Beauty's eye;  
 And the light rack, if seen a moment there,  
 Mocked you again, and melted into air;  
 The hill, the vale, the wood and woodless place,  
 Laughed in the mirror of CELENO's face;  
 And the young trees that overhung the rocks  
 Flung to the amorous air their summer locks;  
 And to his mate the wild bird sung his song,  
 And the deer gambolled as he passed along,  
 And gayest insects hummed away the hours,  
 And roved and revelled in the sweetest flowers;  
 Nature looked sweet, for naught was wanting there  
 To give completeness to a scene so fair.  
 Say, whose the outstretched form that calmly slept  
 By the rude water?  
 That water, falling, dashed its silver sheet  
 With fearful noise a road's length from his feet;  
 And yet he slept, or seemed to sleep, as sound  
 As if soft music lulled him all around.  
 His was a splendid figure; until now  
 I had not seen so very pale a brow;  
 And you would say, if in the gazer's room,  
 'T was like the marble on a monarch's tomb:  
 With its pale hue his hair contrasting well  
 In dark, but not unlovely tresses fell:  
 The sunbeam partly on his visage flashed,  
 And showed his mouth, half open, and moustached,  
 But on his sleepy lids obtruded not,  
 To break the charm that chained him to the spot.  
 A female — 't was his mistress — watched above,  
 And smoothed the dark locks of her bandit love:  
 One while she eyed him with a glance, wherein  
 Softness and sweetness might have pled for sin;  
 Now would she raise it, lightening into flame  
 To where the bleating of the chamois came.  
 But see, he wakes, and leaning on her arm,  
 Repays her burning lip with lip as warm;  
 Presses her young and passionate breast to his,  
 And for a time forgets what now he is.  
 Who of the many that have seen and praised  
 The rocks and crags SALVATOR's pencil raised,  
 Know not that even in manhood he who drew  
 Linked the sworn brother of a bandit crew:



Herded with those who to the bread of toil  
Preferred to live by rapine and by spoil.  
Now at a distance from the savage haunt  
Of men whose bravest deeds he scarce can vaunt,  
He, all enamored of a peasant's charms,  
Forgets his degradation in her arms.  
Say, does THERESA, while she smooths his hair,  
Know that a bandit's tresses are her care?  
Ah, no! One evening, near the crystal flood,  
When with her pitcher in her hand she stood,  
Rosa beheld her, and in hunter's guise  
Wooded her with honied tongue and speaking eyes;  
And though they often since that hour have met,  
She only knows him as a hunter yet.

#### COMMENCEMENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE annual commencement of Columbia College was celebrated this year under the influence of the bracing atmosphere and cheerful sun of a bright October day; and such days as our October owns are no where else known. The ceremonial was all the more striking and effective by reason of the beauty of the season; the hot and sultry month of July has usually been the period of this commencement. The change is decidedly a good one.

The Church of the MEDIATOR in Eighth-street was the place of the exhibition; and although the hour of ten was that fixed for the beginning of the exercises, there was a press for admission before nine o'clock.

The students, trustees, and faculty of the college assembled with their invited guests at the Sunday-school building attached to the Church of the MEDIATOR in the Fourth-Avenue, and walked thence in procession to the church, the students in advance. Arrived at the church, these faced inward, and the faculty, trustees and guests passed through the ranks, which then closed, and entered the church. When all were seated, the platform showed an array, larger than has been usual, of eminent men, assembled to testify their interest in the celebration. The Governor of the State, Hamilton Fish, an *alumnus* of the college, had come from Albany in order to be present. Mr. Bancroft, distinguished as a historian and diplomatist, and not less as a school-master, was there, and beside him several other school-masters, a class whom it is the interest, as we know it is the particular aim, of the President of the college to honor; for they are the men whose influence upon youth is greatest, and who, therefore, are especially entitled to preëminence on all occasions, where the honors acquired by scholarship and conduct are to be awarded. Among the school-masters on the platform we noticed the Nestor of them all, the Rev. Edmund H. Barry, D. D., who for nearly half a century has been training youth in classical studies: Marlborough Churchill, of Mount Pleasant Academy, Sing-Sing; Mr. Onderdonk, of the Academy at Jamaica, Long-Island, and Mr. Sherwood of this city. The Professors of the University were there, the

Presidents of the different medical colleges, the President of the Historical Society, Brigadier-General Whiting, Quarter-Master of the United States Army who adorns arms by the cultivation of letters; Honorable J. A. King, member of congress for the first district, state of New-York; Honorable J. G. King, member of congress from the fifth district, New-Jersey, and a large number of the clergy of all denominations. Not less flattering to the students and their instructors was the array in the church, filled as it was to the utmost capacity with an audience of both sexes, earnest, intelligent and attentive.

Upon an invitation from the President, appropriate prayers were said by the Rev. Dr. Haight, and then the speeches of the graduating class were delivered in the following order :

FIRST. Greek Salutatory Poem,	GEORGE F. SEYMOUR .
Music. March from Oberon.	WEBER.
SECOND. Latin Salutatory Address.	GEORGE G. BYRON.
Music. Evening Star Waltz.	LANNER.
THIRD. English Salutatory Address.	JOHN S. B. HODGES.
Music. Airs from Lucia.	DONIZETTI.
FOURTH. An Oration, 'Quid ad te pertinet?'	EDWIN W. EDWARDS.
Music. Good Night.	GUNG'L.
FIFTH. An Essay on 'The want of Veneration in American Character.'	WALTER R. T. JONES.
Music. Flute Solo.	F. RIETZEL.
SIXTH. An Oration on 'The Philanthropists of the Nineteenth Century.'	FREDEIC R. COUDERT.
Music. <i>Elesire d' Amore.</i>	DONIZETTI.
SEVENTH. An Oration. 'The Bible in our Free Schools.'	J. F. DELAPLAINE CORNELL.
Music. <i>Marche Sentimentale.</i>	LEACH.
EIGHTH. A German Oration. 'Über den Einfluss der Öffentlichen Meinung.'	A. F. CUSHMAN.
Music. <i>Stradella Polka.</i>	HERZOG.
NINTH. An Oration on 'Fanaticism.'	CHARLES A. SILLIMAN.
Music. <i>La Venetiana.</i>	JULIEN.
TENTH. An Essay on 'Misunderstood National Characteristics.'	ADOLPHE LE MOYNE, JR.
Music. <i>Falstaff.</i>	NEGRI.
ELEVENTH. An Oration on 'Dependence of the American Character.'	WILLIAM H. TERRY.
Music. <i>Pot Pourri, (Fille du Régiment.)</i>	PERROT.
TWELFTH. An Oration on 'The Century's Thinking.'	ERSKINE M. RODMAN
Music. <i>L' Ambassadeur.</i>	AUBER.
THIRTEENTH. An Oration. 'The World's True Rulers.'	MALCOLM CAMPBELL.
Music. Cornet Solo. ( <i>Il Pirata.</i> )	AUPICK.

These compositions were, generally speaking, free in a great degree from the exaggeration of language and sentiment which are almost proverbially the characteristics of commencement speeches; and some of them denoted maturity of thought above the years of the speakers. They were, too, well delivered.

The Greek and the Latin oration, the former a poem in Iambics, the latter in prose, were exceedingly creditable to the scholarship of Messrs. Seymour and Byron; and the German speech of Mr. Cushman came trippingly off from the tongue, as though he were using his native language.

The music, under the charge of M. Aupick, was well chosen and well executed, though perhaps somewhat too loud for the building, which is not a large one.

At the close of the speeches, the testimonials to the more distinguished students of each class were declared and delivered.

The President, Charles King, LL. D., who, in his academic gown, and wearing the academic cap, occupied a sofa in the centre of the platform; rising from his seat, thus addressed the audience in explanation of the ceremonial:

‘LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Before proceeding to the next step in our order of the day, it may not be uninteresting to explain the regulations of the college, in compliance with which this step is to be taken.’

‘Our statutes require a semi-annual examination of all the classes in order to ascertain the proficiency and the relative merits of the students. The intermediate examination is made in the month of February, the concluding examination in the month of July, and terminates the academic year.’

‘In order at once to promote a generous emulation among the students, and to furnish to those who excel in conduct and in study some outward and enduring manifestation of the approbation of their instructors, the statutes have wisely ordered that ‘at the close of each examination, a *Testimonial of Merit*, decorated with the seal of the college, and with suitable devices, shall be awarded in each class to the student who shall be considered by the Board of the College as of the best general standing.’ There can only be four of these, and they, in right of this testimonial, become the heads of their respective classes.’

‘In addition to the four general testimonials, the statutes further require that there should be awarded by the President and the Professor of each respective department, a *special testimonial* to the student of the best standing in each particular department of study, exclusive of the student receiving the general testimonial.’

‘The examination, which determines the award of these testimonials, is rigid, impartial and comprehensive. It is public, moreover, and open to all who may desire to attend, as they are invited to do; the decision arrived at therefore, is formed under the supervision as it were of the public eye.’

‘In order to enlarge the sphere of competition, and thereby encourage a greater number of generous emulations, two testimonials, a first and second, are issued in each branch of each department, so that a considerable number of students is comprehended among those who win and wear the honors of the college.’

‘These laurelled scholars it will now be my gratifying duty to call up and present to you in succession, after delivering to each his allotted testimonial. First, we shall have the four captains of classes; and then, by classes, the bearers of special testimonials; all deserving your approval, as they have secured that of their instructors.’

The President then called up to the platform *George F. Seymour*, head of the senior or graduating class, and consequently head of the college. *John De Ruyter, Jr.*, head of the Junior; *Washington R. Nicholls*, head of the Sophomore, and *William Emerson, Jr.*, head of the Freshman; and having delivered to each of these the *Testimonial of Merit* in his class, thus addressed them, rising from his seat and uncovering:

‘YOUNG GENTLEMEN: I have great pleasure in again presenting to you, in the name and with the unanimous approval of the Faculty, the *Testimonial of Merit* as the students of best general standing in your respective classes. I emphasize the word *again*, to the end that it may be understood, that you have each and all, from your entrance into college so distinguished yourselves by diligence and good conduct, as to gain, at successive semi-annual examinations, *The Testimonial of Merit*. Such uniform success, in classes numbering many very clever, very orderly, and very earnest competitors, could only be achieved by uniform, unwavering and exemplary diligence and deportment. With these, now become habits for you, it may be assumed that the future will not falsify the past, and that those who, amid the temptations and improvidence of early youth, have been so true to duty, will not disappoint the anticipations reasonably formed of their manhood, and that upon the foundations here deeply and carefully laid, of sound learning, scientific instruction and literary accomplishments, all controlled, enlightened and warmed by an educated, moral sense; they will, in due season, go forth into the world, to adorn whatever career they may pursue; for ‘distinction in college,’ as it has been well said by one\* who thoroughly understood the business of education and the duties of life, ‘is a passport with which a young man enters life with advantage.’

‘To you, Mr. SEYMOUR, who are about to be graduated, we bid ‘God Speed,’ with the assurance that your *Alma-Mater*, which cherishes you, in sending you forth into the world fully armed and equipped for any fortune it may have in store for you, will not lose sight of you, nor forego its interest in you, and with the trust, that on your side there will be an enduring and affectionate memory of the classic shades where you were trained for the duties and trials of life, and where you won early and unfading honors.’

‘To you, DE RUYTER, NICHOLLS and EMERSON, whose course is yet to be finished, we renew our voices of approbation and encouragement. You have done well in the past. Persevere! persevere! persevere!’

‘*In via virtuti nulla est via.*’

‘Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, to you, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, I present *GEORGE F. SEYMOUR*, *JOHN DE RUYTER, JR.*, *WASHINGTON R. NICHOLLS* and *WILLIAM EMERSON, JR.*, as captains of their classes, the Four whom the college delights to honor.’

\* Doctor ARNOLD.

The President, having resumed his seat now called up those of the Senior Class to whom *Special Testimonials* were awarded as follows :

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR McVICKAR.

IN THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	J. S. B. HODGES.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	CHARLES A. SILLIMAN.

IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	THOMAS L. HARISON.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	CHARLES A. SILLIMAN.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR ANTHON.

IN THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	GEORGE G. BYRON.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	CHARLES A. SILLIMAN.

IN THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	ADOLPHE LE MOYNE, JR.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	FREDERIC R. COUDERT.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR RENWICK.

IN THEORETIC MECHANICS.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	THOMAS L. HARISON.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	CHARLES A. SILLIMAN.

IN PRACTICAL MECHANICS.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	J. S. B. HODGES.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	J. DELAPLAINE CORNELL.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR HACKLEY.

IN THE INTEGRAL CALCULUS.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	THOMAS L. HARISON.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	ARCHIBALD F. CUSHMAN.

IN PHYSICAL ASTRONOMY.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	J. S. B. HODGES.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	WALTER R. T. JONES.

After delivering to each student, as his name was called, his allotted testimonial, the President, again rising, thus addressed them :

‘YOUNG GENTLEMEN: I congratulate you, that at the moment of separating yourselves from the scenes, the pursuits, and the associations which for four years have constituted your daily life, you are to do so under circumstances which cannot be other than gratifying to your parents and friends, as they are honorable to yourselves and grateful to us.

‘Here to-day, in this presence, graced by a large assemblage of men eminent in all the walks of life, and of women, meet help-mates of such men; graced, too, by the young and the beautiful, earnest to prove their sympathies with intellectual culture and triumphs, and their appreciation of high moral bearing; here, in such a presence, you have received from the hands of those competent to judge, and having no motive to err, the testimonial, each in his special sphere, that your studies have been diligent, your attainments superior, your conduct exemplary. I congratulate you, my young friends, cordially upon such success; but as becomes my office and my years, I must be permitted to mingle caution with congratulation, and to admonish while I approve.

‘Life you have read, and are soon to find, for you now stand upon its threshold — life is a perpetual conflict, where he who having made one effort and succeeded, flatters himself that he may repose upon his laurels, is sure soon to be outstripped, laid aside and forgotten. In the triumphs of this hour, therefore, you must see, not apologies for sloth or neglect, but on the contrary, admonitions, friendly, flattering, but full of incitement, to increased efforts, and yet more strenuous labors.

‘This hour, with the honors which it so deservedly brings to you, has stamped you with a value which you may not suffer to depreciate. You will be measured by a higher standard than other youths, for you will carry hence evidence of a beginning too brilliant to permit the thought of any

falling off in after life. *Qualis ab incepto* will, as regards you, be the just expectation of the public, and your own aim must be to go on as you began. *Sic itur ad astra.*  
 'Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, to you, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, I present the decorated students of the graduating class.'

These students having left the platform, those of the Junior Class were next called up, and to each his testimonial was presented, as follows :

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR McVICKAR.

IN LOGIC AND THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

First Testimonial to . . . . . JOHN H. ANTHON.  
 Second Testimonial to . . . . . J. WALTER WOOD.

IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

First Testimonial to . . . . . LEGH R. DICKINSON.  
 Second Testimonial to . . . . . WILLIAM H. DRAPER.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR ANTHON.

IN THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to . . . . . JOHN H. ANTHON.  
 Second Testimonial to . . . . . WILLIAM J. CORNELL.

IN THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to . . . . . J. WALTER WOOD.  
 Second Testimonial to . . . . . CHARLES H. WARD.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR RENWICK.

CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO THE ARTS.

First Testimonial to . . . . . WILLIAM G. WARD.  
 Second Testimonial to . . . . . M. H. WELLMAN.

IN MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY.

First Testimonial to . . . . . LEGH R. DICKINSON.  
 Second Testimonial to . . . . . WILLIAM R. SMITH.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR HACKLEY.

IN THEORETICAL ASTRONOMY.

First Testimonial to . . . . . J. WALTER WOOD.  
 Second Testimonial to . . . . . JOHN G. McNARY.

IN ASTRONOMICAL PROBLEMS.

First Testimonial to . . . . . STEWART H. BROWN.  
 Second Testimonial to . . . . . JOHN H. ANTHON.

The President, after having completed the delivery of the testimonials, thus spoke :

'YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE JUNIOR CLASS: I greet you with all pleasure as the actual heads of the college, for though now addressed as juniors, in which class you won your testimonials, you are to become 'seniors' to-day, and are to be, for the ensuing year, your last in college, the standard bearers not of your own class merely, but of the whole body of the students.

'The influence of such a number of studious and orderly youths, seniors in station as in years, upon their younger and more unreflecting associates cannot be without great advantage to the government of the college in the fulfilment of its duties. I look to you as my aids and assistants in this behalf, and shall feel myself stronger in your cheerful and intelligent coöperation and support.

'Your course henceforward is open, and comparatively free from difficulties; these you have mainly overcome in placing yourselves where you are. But it behooves you to be on the alert, and to show your estimate of the trophies you have won by unremitting zeal, to preserve, and, if it may be, to add to them. You must not deem lightly of these trophies; they are realities; realities for you, realities for your parents and friends, realities for the world. The good name established here is to go with you through life; to stand you in stead, it may be, of friends and of fortune; to adorn prosperity; to assuage adversity; to have always and every where for yourself and others an intrinsic virtue.

“The goal for you is now almost attained. When the bright sun, that now looks down so cheerily upon us, shall have run through his twelve houses, and again from Scorpion light up the earth, you will for the last time be standing on this platform, to take leave of college life. See you well to it, that the intermediate and fleeting hours be diligently and profitably employed. So shall an honored end crown a hopeful beginning.

“Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, and ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the decorated students of the Junior Class.”

These students having retired, were succeeded by those of the Sophomore Class, to whom testimonials were thus awarded.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR McVICKAR.

MODERN HISTORY.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	HENRY A. TAILER.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	RICHARD STEVENS.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	R. H. TUCKER.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	R. M. HARISON.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR ANTHON.

GREEK LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	HENRY A. TAILER.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	JOHN TRENOR, JR.

THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	EUSTACE TRENOR.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	ANTHONY B. McDONALD.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR RENWICK.

PHYSICS.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	EUSTACE TRENOR.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	LEA LUQUER.

CHEMISTRY.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	R. H. TUCKER.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	RICHARD M. HARISON.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR HACKLEY.

DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	EUSTACE TRENOR.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	LEA LUQUER.

PERSPECTIVE AND STONE-CUTTING.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	SAMUEL A. MITCHELL.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	HENRY A. TAILER.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR SCHMIDT.

THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	HENRY A. TAILER.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	EUSTACE TRENOR.

The delivery of the testimonials being over, the President said:

“YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS: You have now reached and passed the middle term of your collegiate course. With increase of years and advance in your classes, come at once more work, and more capacity for work. I willingly assume, too, more disposition to work. Of you who have borne away the honors, this may be safely assumed, I trust, with no less confidence in the disposition of your companions; and while admonishing *you* that you neglect not the means whereby you have risen to distinction, I exhort those of your generous competitors, who have only



not succeeded, to persevere in their labors, and then, if they do not take your places, their efforts to do so will not be barren of advantage to themselves or to you.

'It is no vain ceremony this, which certifies before God and your fellows that you have been found faithful, able, and well-deserving. The memory and the encouragement of this hour will abide with you; and there are hearts here or at home, of parents and kindred, which under its influence will beat higher.

'Let your early success, accomplished by labor, perseverance, and good conduct, admonish you of the value of those qualities, and then the future shall be to you as the present—full of joy from the consciousness of duty fulfilled.

'Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, and ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the decorated students of the Sophomore Class.'

Next came the turn of the Freshmen. Those entitled to testimonials were called up, and to each was delivered that awarded to him.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR HACKLEY.

GEOMETRY.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	J. A. KERNOCHAN.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	ALBERT W. HALE.

GEOMETRICAL EXERCISES.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	THOMAS MCCARTY.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	EDWARD MAYO.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR DRESSLER.

GREEK.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	J. A. KERNOCHAN.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	DANIEL EMBURY.

LATIN.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	EDWARD W. LAIGHT, JR.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	A. GRACIE LAWRENCE.

ANTIQUITIES.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	WM. G. FARRINGTON.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	FREDERIC A. HACKLEY.

ANTIENT GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	W. IRVING CLARK.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	EDWARD MAYO.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR SCHMIDT.

COMPOSITION.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	J. A. KERNOCHAN.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	A. S. VANDUZER.

GERMAN.

First Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	WM. G. FARRINGTON.
Second Testimonial to	.	.	.	.	.	J. A. KERNOCHAN.

After which, they were thus addressed by the President:

'YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS: For the first time you stand here at commencement, to receive the honors of your class. It is a good beginning, and it will be your fault, if it be not again and again followed by like success. Young in years and full of Hope as of Promise, you will go on as you have set out; fulfilling your own high aims; rejoicing the hearts of your parents, and smoothing and gladdening for your instructors the difficulties of a toilsome career. You will go on, because it belongs to the ingenuosness of youth to prize the applause of those who themselves have won applause, and to its earnestness to pursue triumph, and to press onward and upward in the paths of honorable competition.

'Emulation thus acting upon generous natures, is a power which may be well enlisted in the cause of education. The evil and the good are indeed so mingled in our nature, that it is not easy to stimulate the nobler and higher faculties, without danger of developing some of the more vile and earthly elements which combine in the marvel and mystery of creation called man. Yet it is in the early dawn of youth, when the roseate hue yet lingers around it, and envy and hatred and malice and all uncharitableness are yet strangers, or all but strangers to its bosom—surely it is with

such that the desire to excel may be encouraged; that competition may be friendly, though earnest, and rivalry exist without rancor. I cannot mistake, when I assume that it would be alike a wrong to you who bear the palm; and to your competitors, who have striven for it magnanimously, though this time unsuccessfully; to ascribe unworthy emotions of triumph to you, or more unworthy motives of envy or jealousy to them. I think I shall not err in saying the wearing your honors meekly, you wear them with the full and ungrudging approval and concurrence of your classmates.

'It is indeed sad to think, and the thought is one fitted to check all exultation at mere human success, that even in these friendly competitions of youth the hand of death may be interposed between the victor and his laurel wreath, and that the shout of triumph may be cut short by the wailing of the mourners.

'My young friends, what I thus state hypothetically, has, as you know, come to pass. There stood with you at the trial in July, one as ardent, as full of life, as full of promise, as any of you now, before me, with affections as warm, with aims as lofty, with heart as resolute and as pure. According to our poor human ordering, he should be among you now, and here, to listen to the admonitions and exhortations I am addressing to you, to receive at my hands as you have received, the testimonial of his scholarship and conduct.

*'Dit is aliter visum est.'*

'It has pleased DIVINE PROVIDENCE to take him from an earthly, to, as we may humbly hope, a heavenly reward.

'ARCH. GRACIE LAWRENCE, your class-mate, your associate in honors as in toils, was suddenly cut off from life on the ninth day of September, by the accidental discharge of his own gun.

'He was fond of manly sports, as he was of liberal studies. Accompanied by a little brother, only five years old, he had wandered for a mile or two along the sea shore at Newport, the summer residence of his family, when sitting down on the ground to rest, and laying his gun beside him, it was discharged while he was drawing the ramrod, and the whole load entered his body. He fell dead on the spot, exclaiming, 'I am shot!' and never breathed nor moved again.

'The little brother with streaming eyes and sobbing heart yet unconscious of the full extent of the calamity, ran some distance to a house to implore help. 'Run!' said the sweet child to the aged woman, who was hastening with him to the fatal spot: 'Run or my brother will be dead!' She did run as well as her stiffened limbs would permit, and found him dead:

*'Young Lycidas is dead, dead, e'er his prime,  
Who would not mourn for Lycidas?'*

'My young friends, your class have already expressed in fitting terms their sense of the loss of such a companion, and you wear the badge of mourning. I, too, share in that mourning, for GRACIE LAWRENCE was to me in double trust, as a kinsman and a student, and in both very dear.

'I will not pursue this theme, so unhappily illustrating the fleeting and perishable nature of human honors, as of human life; but exhorting you to emulate the living virtues of your deceased associate, and to read aright and lay to heart the solemn lesson of his early death, I shall now dismiss you.

'To you Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, and to you ladies and gentlemen, I present the decorated students of the Freshman Class.'

The whole ceremonial of the declaring and distributing these testimonials was one of deep interest, and, we may almost say, solemnity; nor, to right-thinking minds, was this solemnity broken or really impaired by the marks of approbation or dissent with which the respective awards were received by the students at large. Exception has been taken to such manifestations of opinion; and the coarse and, in this case, eminently unjust term of 'rowdyism' was applied to them by one journal. They partook in no sense of rowdyism, or rioting, or wantonness, but were the earnest, and therefore perhaps at times exaggerated, expression of the judgment and feeling of the associates and peers of the successful students. When a favorite of his classmates was honored—those who best know, and are, in truth, the best and more impartial judges of each other's merits and calibres, indulged naturally and unobjectionably in applause. In like manner, when any one who, from whatever cause, had incurred the displeasure of his comrades, was called up, he was received with tokens of disapprobation; quite as natural and unobjectionable as the applause bestowed upon the other; for where there is liberty to applaud, there must be liberty to condemn, or applause loses its value. Moreover, it would be difficult to over-estimate the moral influence on the students themselves of this public ordeal, where, in the presence of the world, the judgment which their peers have formed of them is to be pronounced in turn of all

put forth for honor. Accident, prejudice, or preference, may possibly bias, more or less, the estimate formed of a youth by his instructors; but the estimate which students, associated together, form of each other is all but unerring. There is real value, therefore, in the scenes which have been thus unthinkingly stigmatized by the term *rowdyism*.

The President of the College, by his manner in conducting the ceremonial, and by his addresses to the honored students of each class, evinced his own conviction that such incidents constitute eras in life for the young, and that college honors are passports in after life, of which the advantages will not fail.

The next proceeding in order was the conferring of the degree of A. B. upon each of the graduating class.

The President having first asked and obtained the assent of the trustees to conferring these degrees, admitted in succession each of the undernamed students, composing the Senior Class, to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and delivered to him his diploma:

GEORGE F. SEYMOUR,	J. F. DELAPLAINE CORNELL,	F. L. PURROY,
JOHN S. B. HODGES,	ARCHIBALD F. CUSHMAN,	ERSKINE M. RODMAN,
THOMAS L. HARRISON,	JOHN M. AIMS,	JOSEPH SANDS,
CHARLES A. SILLIMAN,	MALCOLM CAMPBELL,	JOHN E. C. SMEDES,
GEORGE C. BYRON,	GALEN A. CARTER,	WILLIAM H. TERRY,
ADOLPHE LE MOYNE, JR.	JAMES STARR CLARK,	EDWARD F. TRAVIS,
FREDERIC R. COUDERT,	EDWIN W. EDWARDS,	EVAN T. WALKER.
WALTER R. T. JONES,		

MATHEW M. BLUNT, formerly of the same class, in which he had a high standing, but withdrawn, in order to go to the Military Academy at West Point, where also he maintains a high character for diligence and good conduct, was admitted to the honorary degree of A. B.

The degree of A. M. was then conferred in course on the following clergymen, graduates of the College:

REV. ROBERT TRAVIS, JR.	REV. WILLIAM S. COFFEY,	REV. WM. A. MCVICKAR.
" J. LEANDER TOWNSEND,	" WILLIAM L. OLSEN,	

and on the graduates whose names are annexed:

CORNELIUS D. BLAKE,	WILLIAM S. LUDLUM,	HENRY P. CAMPBELL,
TIMOTHY G. MITCHILL,	ROBERT HOLDEN,	G. MORTIMER BELDEN,
CLARENCE E. MITCHILL,	ISAAC LAURENCE,	PETER M. PIRNIE.

William Drissler and Timothy D. Williams, teachers in the Grammar School of the College, were admitted to the honorary degree of A. M.

The President proceeded next to declare the honorary degrees which the College was pleased to confer, viz: the degree of D. D. on

REV. KENDRICK METCALF, Professor of Greek and Latin in Geneva College.

" JOHN B. KERFOOT, Rector of the College of St. JAMES, Maryland.

" DAVID X. JUNKIN, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Greenwich, New-Jersey.

and that of LL. D. on

WINFIELD SCOTT, the distinguished Commander of the Armies of the United States.

HAMILTON FISH, Governor of the State of New-York.

HENRY J. ANDERSON, formerly Professor of Mathematics in this College.

WILLIAM BETTS, Professor of Law in this College.

The concluding orations were then spoken :

A Master's Oration, by  
The Valedictory,

REV. ROBERT TRAVIS, JR.  
JAMES STARR CLARK.

The exercises of the day were concluded by a benediction pronounced by the Reverend Doctor Haight, when the band struck up our national airs, and the numerous audience quietly retired, gratified, as is quite safe to assume, by the performances of the day, which long as was the time occupied, did not seem to be tedious.

The whole ceremonial; the animation of the scene; the character of the college; the imposing array of men of station and of character assembled on the platform; the whole audience; together with the general tone and delivery of the speeches, and their freedom from the exaggeration of language and sentiment, so often found in commencement exercises, combined to impart more than usual interest to this commencement, and to give assurance that this city will not permit its oldest institution of learning to halt in its progress or prosperity in the midst of the progressive prosperity of its more than half a million of inhabitants. Columbia College should be to New-York what Harvard is to Boston — a source of pride, an object of liberal foundations for scholarships, and of chairs of learning or of science, and especially for the education in the last resort, and in the highest excellence, of the youth of this great metropolis.

#### THE ALTAR.

THERE is an Altar that was once an oak  
Cushioned around its foot with tufted stones,  
So soft and green with moss they seem to ask  
The pious pressure of the knee alone,  
Too beautiful to tread on. Here, in spring,  
When the pale wind-flower, the anemone,  
Sprinkled the woodland paths, and arbuté blossoms,  
Nestled beneath last autumn's ragged shroud —  
With punctual step I came, to see what havoc  
Winter had made of my November wreaths:  
But all were faded — leaf, and flower and stem!  
Yet here's one garland that I wove from them:

Lady, in thy lonely walk,  
Should'st thou nigh the altar stray,  
Where the gentian's faded stalk  
Yet recalls the gentle day  
When we trod the woods together,  
And marked November turning grey,  
Though the soft air, that Indian summer weather,  
And thy sweet presence, made it seem like May.

Should'st thou linger there alone,  
Counting not such hours a loss,  
Drop some token by the stone,  
Leave some sign upon the moss;  
So when next I wander thither,  
In any mood of thought or prayer,  
I may be certain — by the leaves that wither  
On the cold rock — what angel has been there.

Then, as worshippers of old  
Heard strange oracles that spoke;  
Heard a thousand secrets told  
By the dark Thespreitian oak,  
I from that rude trunk may gather  
Such hope, that when I kneel again  
In holy church, and humbly say, 'OUR FATHER,'  
Thy thought may strengthen my devout Amen.

## NATURE AND THE CHURCH.

BY WILLIAM M. RODMAN.

## I.

ONE bright and tranquil summer morn,  
In the lovely time of flowers,  
I thought with nature I would pass  
Its calm and peaceful hours,  
And sought the unfrequented shade,  
Of her uncultured bowers.

## II.

Along my path, where e'r I strayed,  
In untaught beauty fair,  
Clothed with light and gemed with dew,  
The floral priesthood there,  
From censers framed by angel hands,  
With incense filled the air.

## III.

Like spirit-worshippers they seemed,  
Arrayed in robes of love,  
As messengers from heaven, sent  
To lure our thoughts above,  
While wafting from their censers sweet  
The spirit of the dove.

## IV.

Unlike were they in form or kind,  
Yet side by side they grew,  
Each oped its petals to the morn ;  
Each drank the evening dew ;  
And their odors blent in harmony,  
As their tints of varied hue.

## V.

I thought could but the Christian Church  
To Nature humbly turn,  
And from her pure and simple page  
Her peaceful precepts learn,  
No more would fierce sectarian fires  
Upon her altars burn.

## VI.

Then let us each in childish faith,  
To Nature yield our powers,  
And strive to learn her perfect law  
From out her book of flowers ;  
That the ' pure faith which works by love '  
May evermore be ours.

*Providence, (R. I.)*

## The Lakes of New-York.

### CAYUGA LAKE.

#### SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN A PASSAGE OVER THE CAYUGA.

#### AURORA.

A GLIMPSE of a church-spire through the trees reveals the presence of another village, and the tourist will soon find the steamer approaching the village of Aurora. The Cayuga here expands to the width of about four miles. The eastern shore on which the village is situated, sloping gradually from the water's edge to the table-land; the houses skirting the curve of the bay, and thus fringing with animation the broad rich green, that diversified into varied fields, form the back-ground. The termination of the view, at north and south, are in coincidence with the other features of the view. Southward, Rocky-Point, worn and bared by the constant dash of the waves, and sheltering a pine-grove just in its rear from being torn away in successive seasons by the winter storms. Northward, the little settlement of Levanna reaches out in its store-houses and dwellings to the very point, and thus flanked and fronted, lies Aurora.

The traveller will soon discover that there is evinced by the citizens of this village an appreciation of its location, where so many of the sweetest features of land and water scenery mingle in harmonious combination, and where all that is added in graceful architecture shows to the best advantage possible.

A tasteful, temple-like, summer-house rising in classic proportion from the verge of a garden, forms a winning introduction to the village, as it is approached by water from the north; and then there is a succession of gardens in differing degrees of cultivation; among which none will fail to discover the elaborate and finished care which characteristically designates the premises of a gentleman who is confessedly among the best florists of the state, and whose beautiful floriculture has been admired by the vast concourse who have been present at successive State Fairs.

There are sea-walls constructed of stones so ponderous as to seem as if they would defy the storm, and against which the waves break in the gale in ever-changing forms of beauty; and on these walls are pleasant promenades, from whence all the fairest features of the view are best seen. The neat common school-house has its prominent position on the bank; the academy, half hid by the rows of old poplars, that by their size give evidence of time, in which the place has been settled, has a convenient location. The busy dock-yard has its fore-ground of industry. A large hotel invites the traveller to its hospitality, and private dwellings, of advancing taste, make up, in the entire view, a picture of a pleasant and a pretty village.

The expanse of lake and bay presents to the dwellers on the shore



a series of ever-changing features, varying only to present the landscape in some new combination of beauty or majesty, now reflecting the superb hues of sunsets of unsurpassed splendor; the towers and pillars and mountains of gorgeously colored clouds, hanging over the setting sun, like friends or followers at some conqueror's death scene; sometimes forming a broad road of golden fire directly banding the lake, so vivid that the eye is pained by, as well as delighted, with its richness; to be succeeded, it may be, in the still evening, by the bright and well-defined but warm pathway of light thrown from a single star. The waters are smooth as the very ideal of repose, in some of the hours, while at others, they are in all the wilder grace of waves of the deep, deep green, such as Niagara shows at that curve, the like of which the world never elsewhere sees; fringed and softened as the wave breaks by its border of foam. These are some of the pictures which are ever open in the free gallery of Nature, and like unto which, no painter painteth.

In the early part of the month of December, of the year immediately succeeding the period when the first settlers of Aurora arrived there, there was seen approaching the settlement, from the direction of the ferry, or of the bridge, as would now be said, a yawl; such an one apparently as would be in use by the larger class of vessels that navigated Lake Ontario. It was urged forward by a couple of oars which were handled (and in a manner that showed the exercise to be a practised one,) by two sailor-like-looking men. They were by no means the only occupants of the craft. It had a full complement of passengers, and the persons on shore by whom it was seen, observed that the three, who, beside the oarsmen were in it, comprised a gentleman of mature age, a lady, finely formed and young, and an old man, who seemed, like those who were at the oars, to be a sailor. There was also a full allowance of luggage of different species, but all with a neat and well-arranged air about its condition. The boat moved easily forward but not rapidly. The sailor who was in attendance sat at the bow, as if to keep a look-out, or to act as pilot. Its course was near the shore which it skirted in silence, until it reached the mouth of the small creek that runs through the southern part of the village, and which is now on or adjacent to the premises of Richard Morgan, Esq. On reaching here, it was suddenly changed in its course, and a landing was made. The lady sprang out gracefully enough, and was assisted, with the kind manner of one who was in intimate relation with her, by the gentleman. When these were from the boat, by the strength of the three sailors, she was drawn up on the beach, though heavy and unwieldy, so far as to be out of the reach of annoyance by the waves, should a heavy blow come up. This done, and the trunks, etc., brought on shore, the entire party held a brief conference, which ended, leaving the lady for the time under the protection of the crew of the boat, while the gentleman went to the nearest house.

Rather rude was the dwelling architecture of Aurora, just at that beginning of its career, but the rough exterior may hide the jewel, and the application to the very first house for temporary shelter was met by an offer of hospitality, which needed no other introduction than

the word stranger. This information was received by the girl with a delight that showed itself in the charm which pleasure ever gives to the face of beauty.

These words anticipate a description. This was Ellen Grey, daughter of Colonel Hubert Grey, whose conduct in his country's service on the continent had won for him a brilliant reputation for all that gives lustre to the soldier's character. The sailor who had acted as pilot was devotedly attached to the Colonel and his family, and had passed many years in his service, though John Gossine always declared that he had no peace on land, and that all he asked was a deck to walk on and a wave to float on.

For reasons which the narrative will subsequently reveal, the Colonel had taken the rather toilsome and unusual — though by no means so unusual then as it would be now — route by the way of the Oswego and Seneca river from Lake Ontario to the Cayuga lake. The boat and crew belonged to the fine fore-topsail schooner 'Chatham,' whose usual voyage was from Kingston to the settlement, then in its infancy, but now the capital of the British possessions in part — Toronto. She had arrived at Oswego about a week previous, and Colonel Grey had, by enterprise and courage, and in many places of difficulty by portage and rapids, by very arduous labor, succeeded in arriving with the boat at this his place of destination. Their progress, since they entered the Cayuga, had been rapid, having been enabled to use a sail until the last two miles, when the wind utterly deserted them.

Mr. Mitchell, at whose house they found such kindness, had emigrated from Berkshire in Massachusetts; that family which has furnished statutes for every niche in society. He had heard of the fertility of these shores from the representations of Lieutenant Van Benschoten, who drew the military lot on which Aurora is situate, and who was much more eulogistic of his western possessions than careful about them. He was gratified that his country had remarked him, and there it ended. Mr. Mitchell, was a quiet, observing, and generous hearted man, and a man of the world enough to recognize that his new guests were people who had seen the pleasant things of life.

Rest and refreshment after such a journey were the first duties, and frequently during the afternoon did Colonel Grey congratulate his daughter on their having so soon found the shelter of a roof; nor did he fail to impress the fact, that they had been fortunate in John Gossine, who seemed to appreciate it, but not quite so warmly as did the Colonel.

'This is a nice house, doubtless, Colonel,' said he, 'and Mr. Mitchell seems to be one of the right sort; but I want to know who would want to live ashore, if he could help it. I think, Sir, that if the 'Chatham' was out at anchor in this pretty bay, I would rather winter aboard than in the best house there is in this place.'

The Colonel doubted whether the winds of the winter would not change his followers' opinions, if he had the opportunity to put them in practice.

While all these incidental affairs were transacting, there sprung up a north-west wind, which, though it did not blow severely, brought with it an air so keen and piercing that all the parties to our narrative were

glad to find shelter, and even Gossine confessed, that the 'Chatham' out at anchor in the bay, in this temperature, would be uncomfortable. The lady, bred with the polished manners of really well-bred people, found as much as possible in the house and its arrangements to be pleased with, and the Colonel seemed more happy, so Gossine said, than he had been since they left Oswego.

That night was in truth a bitterly cold one. The wind lulled with the set of the sun, and the air was keen with the chill that the blow had brought from the north. In the morning the lake smoked like a caldron, being so much warmer than the atmosphere. Except around the beach, where for a few rods there was a black and glassy covering of tough young ice, the waters glistened and sparkled in the bright sun, as free as if it were a summer day. Indeed, the Cayuga at this place has very seldom in the record of very many years been frozen over. The body of water is too deep, and too constantly renewed by the springs at the bottom, whose outlet it is. It was closed in 1835, '36, '39 and '49; but never for a longer period than forty-eight hours. The writer of these sketches was assured by Major Jacobs, the old Cayuga Chief, who left here in 1794, that he knew no instance, traditionary or from observation, of its having been closed. Cold as it was, the boat was ordered to return, and the sailors promptly obeyed. A row of twelve miles was not a very formidable affair, and that was to be the extent of their task that day. They were directed by Colonel Grey to cross over the lake and go down under the lee of the west shore. The young ice bent and cracked under the weight of the boat as it was pushed over it to the water, and resisted breaking so long that Gossine accompanied the boat to the outer edge, where boat and all broke through, and John had practical experience of the temperature in a way which had not entered into his theories. But he was soon up again, and as the craft was sent ahead under the strong muscles of the experienced oarsman, he watched its progress until it was scarcely visible in the shadows of the deep forests on the other side of the lake.

Colonel Grey also watched the departure of the boat until he saw, by the aid of a glass which he had brought with him, that it was turned to the north, and was making good headway. The day was devoted to the preparations for a lengthened stay, which, much to the surprise of Mr. Mitchell, was announced as likely to be during the winter. The liberality of the offer made for the use of a portion of his house, and the winsome manner of his guests, soon produced a bargain satisfactory to all. Society in that sparse settlement was an object; and a society that at once fascinated and paid, was a treasure indeed.

Mr. Mitchell's house stood on the spot where there has since stood for many years a quaint old store-house, one of the relics of the days when stores were few and scattered, and when timber and wood were plentier than now. It has a strange large roof, out of all proportion, and a second story, which would hold in itself the harvest of a township. The ceiling in the lower story is curiously low and inconvenient, and the old house has indeed only its age as a virtue. Nevertheless, in its day of usefulness, which was prior to the date of our narrative, it was

esteemed a remarkable building, and was for many years the scene of an active and extensive trade.

There were but few houses in the village in the year after its first settlement. The few settlers that were there, had, with few exceptions, no landed estate in their own right. The titles were not clear, and there were only the germs of that population and that wealth which have since distinguished this location.

The cold did not diminish during the day, and the night brought with it additional severity, so that the north wind which had arisen had blown the ice on the beach into little hummocks that looked like the Esquimaux huts, as they are depicted in the view of such voyages as Sir John Franklin made.\*

These hummocks were formed all along the shore; and were the object of curiosity to the new-comers, from the plastic wreathings and whirlings of the ice. About ten o'clock, the Colonel heard a loud 'Sail ho!' from the clear voice of Gossine, who ran from the beach hastily to apprise him that the 'Chatham's' yawl was on the return. The Colonel suggested that he might be mistaken as to the boat, it being yet as far off as Levanna Point. Gossine declared it was none other, as he knew the sail; having, he said, taken it himself out of one of the lockers of the schooner, and he could not be mistaken in its color, which was after the fashion of those nautical dry goods that never see the wash-tub. The wind blew fresh, and it was soon evident that he was right. The yawl ran the last mile rapidly, and was soon hauled over the ice again into the little creek. The explanation of her return was soon made. The ice had formed so thick in the shoal water near the bridge that the yawl could not make any progress, and the sailors feared that if they remained thereabout it would end in their being frozen up.

Colonel Grey came to Aurora from the following singular circumstances: Gold and love are the great motive powers of society. Philip Grandlet, of Oxford, bequeathed to Ellen Grey an ample fortune, payable when she became of age, on the condition that she should marry Lewis Grey, a cousin of Ellen, and a relative of the testator. But there was appended to this legacy the farther condition, that if, before the expiration of the young lady's twentieth year, this Mr. Lewis Grey should not personally claim her hand, by application to herself, then the bequest should be hers without the restriction. If he requested her hand, and was refused, the fortune became his own.

Grandlet had died in the August preceding the date of our narrative, and the charming Ellen would attain her majority on the first of March.

Lewis Grey was already wealthy; rich beyond the compass of most

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\*THE writer of these sketches recollects having seen Sir JOHN FRANKLIN in the city of Albany, a number of years since, when he was passing through on his way north. He came up to the rooms of the old Albany Library, which were then up three or four impassible stair-cases, in a building since removed for the widening of State-street. A hardware store was on the first floor. PAUL HOCHSTRASSER, a precise old German, was the Librarian. Sir JOHN was introduced by Mr. G. S. LANSING, then a representative in congress from that district. His visit to the library was to consult a curious and very old volume, in black leather binding, which was entitled, '*Orbis Terræ Typis*.' It was said to contain some singular charts. The book-men of Albany ought to have kept track of that volume. Sir JOHN had a grave and quiet and rather melancholy expression of face.

men's hopes. He was one of the vulgar rich ; men who knew the power of money, as connected with the wants and necessities of others. It was his idol, or rather shared his affections with himself, though he did not know even the luxury of making himself happy. He had, as that kind of rich men always have, cringing flatterers investing their money at so much per cent. ; but he did not or would not see, that in the thinnest possible distance beneath, lay the most unmitigated contempt. He had courage and energy, and could be aroused to actions of vigor when his pride or interest was concerned.

And to such a wooer was the fortune of pretty Ellen bound, if he could see and of herself ask her alliance. His character was too well known by her, to allow of the thought being for a moment entertained of a life passed with such a man. The golden chain often ' enters the soul ' as well as the iron. It was true that if the interview did take place, Mr. Lewis Grey would have been, wealth or no wealth, most summarily rejected, probably to his own intense astonishment ; but it was the policy of Ellen and the Colonel, and a just and laudable one it was, if possible to keep the fortune and avoid the condition ; and if they could only succeed in keeping out of the way until March, they were safe.

Colonel Grey had been ordered to Montreal, which he gladly obeyed ; and arriving there, easily obtained leave of travel in the States for a few months. The climate of Canada was too severe for a winter's residence there by Ellen ; and the Colonel had taken passage from Kingston in the ' Chatham,' and arrived at Oswego, where he quietly devised the best plan for the object he had in view. Hearing of the banks of the Cayuga as being then in a process of settlement, and as combining seclusion with a pleasant climate, and one of the last places where he would probably be sought for, he made the journey which we have already described. Communicating only to his friend, the captain of the ' Chatham,' his residence, Colonel Grey prepared calmly to keep a vigilant guard against any surprise during the winter, and to make his house as agreeable as possible. The two sailors had been sent back to Oswego with an earnest request to Captain Clemens to acquaint him of any movement of the much-dreaded Lewis Grey.

Nor was this caution unnecessary. Lewis Grey was not the man to lose a prize so brilliant as that of the bequest of Grandlet, and he was quite enough of a young man to like it the more, with the pretty appendage that was its contingency. The time for action he knew, as well as the other parties, was brief, and he adopted the most vigilant movement immediately. On the day that the Colonel arrived at Aurora, he sailed from England, taking his passage, most fortunately for the perplexed Ellen, in the ' Cumberland,' a ship described in the advertisement as ' that remarkably fast sailing vessel,' but the performance of which was directly opposite ; it being to Grey's impatience a doubtful question, on some days, whether it was stern-way or head-way that she was making. He was exceedingly provoked at having made such an unlucky choice, but on the ocean submission to fate is a philosophy soon learned.

The winter days passed on merrily. In the daughter of their host,

Sam Mitchell, the pretty Ellen found a delightful companion, and new lessons were learned from each other of their different experiences. There is so much to be fused into mutual observation by the relations of varying incidents which characterise a life passed at home, and one diversified by the truant from one nation to another, and in employment, pleasant and interesting, of a kindred scholarship, Ellen and Sam found the winter neither lifeless or dull. Nor is it ever dull when, as here, a broad expanse of bright and clear water was in perpetual movement, changing its pictures like the successions of a festive gathering, and when there was mind to enjoy those companions who accompany one as kindly to the solitary dwelling as to the crowded hall—I mean books. They who love them have a talisman to charm away dullness always.

John Gossine was the busiest man imaginable. He had very nearly traversed the entire locality, and wherever there was a glen, or mine, or water-fall, notwithstanding the temperature, he had explored and examined, and reported his observations, the object portrayed losing nothing in size or importance by his narration. The Indians who still remained on the Reservation had especially attracted his notice. The Reservation is even to this day the term frequently applied to that part of the village which is situated just north of the pretty Grecian summer-house, to which we have before alluded.

There are yet the old orchard trees, some of which probably survived the destruction inflicted by the detachment of Sullivan's army, which was sent up the lake, and passed through this way—a work of terror, which the Indian never forgot. The banks are higher, and there are fewer trees near the lake, but the Reservation has many positions of great beauty for architectural improvement.

It was excessively to the annoyance of Gossine that the Indians, and especially one old brave would completely distance him with their canoes, while he was sculling the yawl. It did not seem in accordance with his notions of water craft, that such affairs as these bark canoes should so easily leave his boat in the distance. With the consent of the Colonel, he hauled his yawl ashore, and commenced a vigorous repair and refixture. Boat-building was a novelty on the Cayuga in those days. We have changed all that since then, and can produce models now that we will place in competition with any others; but then the 'Chatham's' yawl was the finest craft that had yet floated there, and as the industrious and ingenious Gossine proceeded to give her a centre-board, and to deck her over, and otherwise prepare her for sailing, Mr. Mitchell evidently expressed the opinion of the settlers, when he prophesied her invincibility.

The old Indian, John Key, watched the proceedings keenly, but with the usual custom or wisdom of his people, said not a word. It was not many days before the yawl was equipped, a regular decked sail-boat. Gossine then worked at her sails and rigging, and by the assistance of the ladies, the yawl was soon in complete order, spreading a complement of sail about as much as she could carry. It was rather cold weather for pleasure sailing, but John had seen service in the Baltic, and there was soon added to the attraction of the lake the spec-



tacle of the yawl darting about in all kind of nautical evolutions, chased by or chasing some of the canoes belonging to the Reservation, the most of which, in a decent wind, it left far in the distance. John soon organised a crew among the young men, who entered eagerly into the sport, especially as it gave, or seemed to give them, a superiority in one manly exercise to their active and quick-motivated Indian neighbors. Old Key kept his canoe, the largest and best constructed, carefully drawn up on the beach, and when challenged to a contest, made no other reply than 'Time enough; John catch him yet.'

Colonel Grey found at the breakfast-table of Mr. Mitchell, on one of the mornings of January, a new guest, who was introduced to him as Mr. Ryckman, and who, he ascertained, was an Indian trader, passing in one of his usual tours from Albany by the way of Oswego, as far as Fort Niagara, and thence through the Delaware country homeward. There was nothing about the guest to awaken notice, except that Colonel Grey would rather not have been met by any one, at that time, whose travels were in the direction of the cities. He asked no questions, and was communicative only of a few general facts, and passed on. Those who were familiar with Albany some years since will recollect Wilhelmus Ryckman. He attained to old age, as indeed did every member of his remarkable family. I saw him often. He never associated or conversed with any one that I saw, but moved along, apparently a man alive in the world and belonging to the past. He was grave and quiet, and seemed to have imbibed the taciturnity of the people with whom he had so long been a trader. His associations of thought and habit were with the days of the frontier trading post, and the modern city seemed to him a place of strangers.

The longest voyage ever known, except that of old Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman, had its end, and at last the 'Cumberland,' after having been beaten and be-stormed, after drifting out of her course, and going very slow in it, arrived at New-York. Lewis Grey was indignant at her long passage, and could not understand why such a thing should happen to a rich man. The information that Colonel Grey had been at Oswego was soon ascertained, and Lewis moved thitherward as promptly as his health, enfeebled by sea-sickness, (enjoyed to its fullest extent on board of the 'Cumberland,') would allow. At Oswego his efforts to find the present residence of the Colonel were very strenuous, for his pride and avarice were both roused into action. He ascertained that the Colonel had taken the yawl of the 'Chatham,' and had gone 'somewhere,' that usual temporary hiding place of all conjecture. But he made no progress until the 'Chatham' herself arrived. Captain Clemens was very much perplexed to baffle the eager questions of Lewis. To all of them, however, he made the most general answers that he could devise, resorting in all cases to an episode on the description and merits of the yawl he had parted from as being the best piece of boat fabric afloat, until Grey wished the 'Chatham's' yawl in the Mælstrom.

The two sailors who had accompanied the Colonel to the Cayuga were exceedingly anxious to defeat the purposes of Lewis, and in an endeavor to get some information from them he found himself en-



tangled in a labyrinthical description of routes and courses all around the compass; with a more serious annoyance in a lameness occasioned by a long walk into which he was led by Sebring, one of the sailors, who undertook to show him personally the direction in which the yawl had gone. 'Shall I never hear the last of that abominable yawl!' said Lewis, as he found himself at the parlor of the only tavern Oswego then could produce, and found to his vexation that he had probably doomed himself by his imprudence to a week's confinement to his room.

'A gentleman for you, Mr. Grey,' said the servant, as he ushered into the room a visitor, who had desired to see him; and in walked, calmly and deliberately, the Indian trader Ryckman. A conversation followed between them, in the result of which it was evident Grey was exceedingly interested. When the interview closed, Grey sent for a physician, whose announcement that he was forbidden to travel for at least a week was received with a storm of indignation, at which the professional man was at first inclined to demur, but on reflecting that his patient was a rich Englishman, he concluded to make a compromise, and remember the high words in the bill; and it is due to the memory of the faculty at that period, in Oswego, to say that this idea was faithfully carried into execution, the suffering Lewis in vain remonstrating.

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S T A N Z A S   T O   ———.

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BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

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A STORM-CLOUD gath'ring in the sky,  
Through which the hot-winged lightnings fly,  
A meteor flashing quickly by,  
The stars above;  
A mountain-torrent foaming down,  
A sullen wave with crested crown —  
These are not Love.

A fleeting thought, a rainbow ray,  
That mounts to heav'n in light of day,  
But fades, and faintly dies away,  
When shadows rove;  
A fickle breath, a zephyr's sigh,  
That fans the flower, but lets it die —  
These are not Love.

The gentle 'rill, that from the springs  
Of yonder grove its current brings,  
With golden drops and crystal things,  
Ever to move;  
With soft emotions fills the breast,  
And glads the soul, and makes it blest —  
This, this is Love!

## T R I B U T E   T O   T H E   D E A D .

'Ass:nt inani funere naeniae.  
Luotasque turpis, et querimonias.'

H O R A C E .

## I.

Rest from the strife, brave spirit! uncomplaining,  
With evil fortune thou hast battled long;  
While heavy drops from Sorrow's cloud are raining,  
A lyre, long silent, vibrates into song:  
I would not, if I could, thy form awaken,  
To wrestle with sharp throes another hour,  
Though one like thee could, with a mien unshaken,  
Rob DEATH's dissolving pang of half its power.

## II.

With the plague-spot upon thy visage hollow,  
Floridian shores were trod by thee in vain;  
When northward Spring sent forth her herald swallow,  
Panted thy heart to visit home again:  
Once more to native scenes and pleasant places,  
Back camest thou o'er Ocean's flashing foam;  
Once more thy glance, on old familiar faces,  
Rested while sitting by the hearth of home.

## III.

Once more thy loving and devoted mother  
Thy couch beside outwatched the stars of night;  
Once more thy sire a groan would try to smother,  
For skill was vain to stay the work of blight:  
Brief was thy stay. Autumnal winds are flinging  
Pale, withered leaves upon thy funeral mould;  
While overhead are feathered armies winging  
Their way to lands unvexed by frost or cold.

## IV.

And friendly hearts belief are entertaining  
That thy soul journeyed to a brighter clime;  
Fount of unclouded light that knows no waning,  
Far, far beyond this crumbling strand of time:  
How otherwise believe, for aspirations,  
That in true hearts have birth alone, were thine?  
A will to dare those troubles and vexations  
That drug with gall, too oft, life's sparkling wine.

## V.

Rest from the strife, brave spirit! who would wake thee,  
To waste and burn with fever-fires again;  
While friends are tortured at the sight, to make thee  
Feel for another hour Promethean pain:  
Not all of thee is lost while comrades cherish  
Fond recollections of thy worth, my friend:  
Though gone, the bright example cannot perish  
Of courage that upheld thee to the end.

W. H. O. E.

## E P I T H A L A M I U M .

BY R. S. CHILTON.

## I.

A HEALTH to the bride! may the sands of life's glass  
 For her, measure moments of joy as they pass;  
 May the stream of her life, till it ceases to flow,  
 Never bear on its bosom the shadow of wo,  
 But reflect the blue heaven that smiles from above,  
 On this union of hearts, in the temple of love.

## II.

A health to the bride! and as years roll away  
 May she ever with gladness remember this day;  
 And if in her eyes start the tears of regret,  
 As she parts from the friends she may never forget,  
 May the thought that those friends will ne'er cease to recall  
 Her image with joy, check the tears ere they fall.

*Washington, Oct. 29, 1850.*

## M U S I N G S B Y T H E H E A R T H .

BY A LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

AGAIN I write in the midst of the autumn. The air is at rest, and only heaves to and fro like its sister Sea. The air respires against the pearl-tinted heaven, and the sea lapses against the golden beach. How glorious the blending of all around us now!

Was it an unpleasant dinner, dear KNICK., that you took with me the other day? To be sure you came in late, after the roast-beef had been cut into, but the sweet potatoes were warm; and that butter from my good grocer's, was it not just the thing to slice into and spread over the crisped sweetness of the southern fruit? We were pledged for a walk after dinner, and tossing off the last glass of golden sherry, we set forth. The sun was not over high in the heaven, and the scene we were to see was, if possible, to be seen before that sun had set. Shaped into ships, great fleets, were the clouds above us, as we stepped out into the street; and did you not agree in the fancy, that we could see the cloud-shores along which the fleets were sailing; and we could almost believe that we heard the loud hosannas shouted by the people-lined coast, as they hailed the return of their squadrons, illustrious with victory.

Up Pacific-street, and away to the environs of the town; through the outskirts; through the small back yards, as yet unfenced, of squatters and suburban settlers — men who flank the army of citizens who

live within the city proper. How we saw the pigs and the boys, and the cats and the girls, jostling about and forming friendships and intimacies! Then by the hedge of hawthorn trees, with red berries clustering on their branches.

Over old stone fences, scratched by the warlike and pugnacious briar-bushes, through the yellow field of prostrate corn, (how unlike the red field of battle!) down rolled 'Old KNICK.' among the fragrant ears; and how you feasted your nose amidst the tassels, and seemed, outstretched there, like some picture in a picture-book of our boyhood! Up again, 'Old KNICK.;' over the fence with a jump — well done for an editor, and the father of a family! What have you got your coat off for? What's in the wind now, my lusty man of letters? To climb you tall and polished poplar! Out upon you, man! From the roof where we are going now we shall see a sight that will be worth forty such views as you will get from amid those brown and quivering branches:

'ZACHEUS he  
Did climb a tree,  
His LORD to see!'

Where we are going, we shall see spread out before us just such a scene as was shown to that meek master of men, by him of Erebus; a scene of peopled cities and flowing rivers; a scene of wonder; an ocean; two islands; part of a great continent; forests, rolling hills, distant mountains — all beneath us — mapped at our very feet. Let us forward. On with your coat — over the fence again. Hurrah! we are on the hill. Don't stop to gaze at yonder sea of silver; fly up the steps; mount to the top of the house, the good inn 'Mount-Prospect Hotel.' Now for a fresh icy quaff of ale! We have won it by our walk — by our breezy scramble.

Softly, dear KNICK.; gently up the withered rigging of this storm-beaten house. There is a smell of sleeping summer dust; the steps creak, and the bannisters are broken. Tenants cannot repair, and landlords will not. Through the dim garret-room, full of odd fancies, now mount again a short ladder. Do not stop to pray, for the temple is above, and you will soon stand in the presence of OMNIPOTENT MAJESTY.

Well, that is a good notion. You have got your hat off. It is thoughtful and respectful. There is reverence needed here. Your spirit, my good friend, is always in keeping, and well prepared for such church-scenes as this. Your pastor, perhaps, cannot answer so well for you, as to your mental preparation for churches 'made with hands.' Now, with brow all flushed by honest exercise, and bathed from temple to temple in the glow from yonder setting sun, stand up like a man for whom these things were made, and answer me, is this not sublime?

We will look above us now. See that dun cloud with the border of red. It is perfectly still. There seems to be some being (veiled from our mortal eye) standing upon it. Look! did you not almost see an uplifted wing; and yonder now, floating higher toward the Endymion, is not that detached body an angel, who is returning from his

mission of glory to the MASTER's throne? It is gone — far away from our straining gaze. How exquisite are our intercourses with the higher world! Dimmed into imaginings are the modes of converse; our souls, like the air, float upward, and press against the gates of paradise. There, like the stilled wind, we linger and listen. Music, no longer faint and low, is heard from the shining gateways; and those bright beings that pass so incessantly before our rapt sense are mysteries of knowledge; upholders, under a great BEING, of this vast globe that hangs suspended by HIS will, and revolves daily for our use and admiration. *We are* in a cathedral, dear KNICK., and these are the leaves of our gospel. Listen to the lecture.

How dense that rolling forest! You see no particular leaves through the vast wealth of foliage, and yet how each vein of nature trills and runs throughout all! See those broad branches heave, like pulses of our blood, sending back through their swaying fibres, away through the mighty trunks, new treasures of life, to the heart of nature, that is hidden down in the jewelled caverns of the earth. All down the whole breadth of Long-Island spreads that forest. It walks away from our eye like plumed soldiers over the hills, down into the valleys, by the road-side, passes by the farmer's door, and out to the promontories that brave the billows of the surging sea; away they go, as if to do homage to some invisible host, coming to them from other lands and continents, with whom they are at peace.

Now turn southward, and mark those flashes of light; the Atlantic foaming on the shore; blue horizon to that seathing waste of water that lies beyond; ships, with poor laborers from the lands afar. Now, even as we look, are there yet unseen sails swelling toward our coast, filled with the wild winds that have blown over the jungles of Africa and the steppes of the Asian deserts.

Yonder is Staten-Island, and nearer — it looks as if you could shoot an arrow there — is the 'City of the Dead' — Greenwood. When there is so much of life about us, we cannot tarry among the tombs. The broad upper bay is dotted with all manner of vessels — sail and steam craft; and yonder is New-Jersey, with its long, low line of hills, and its city of Jersey; and then Weehawken on the hill, looking like a camp in the distance; and Hoboken and the mouth of the Hudson; and farther up, the palisades and the hills that make a sea of Tappaan, on whose banks is the home of IRVING; and farther on still, the mountains of the Ramapo valley. How dim the line that marks the Connecticut shores of the Sound!

Swell out your metropolitan inflated breast, and raise an inch in your boots, thou boastful Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER, for there is your city — your beloved New-York is at your feet; but only so in the accident of your geographical elevation, for proud is the Empire City as was Nineveh or Babylon. Look where that grove almost droops its green boughs into the salt-water of the bay, at the Battery; and without getting into an omnibus, whose rattling sound, thank heaven! reaches not here, travel with me by the electric power of the eye, and through that canopy of smoke, pass along over *the City of the New-World*.

It looks like London. All great brick cities look alike, just as two

white men or two black men look alike at a distance, enough to do away with minutiae. Here you have, as in London, a canopy of smoke, with the red chimneys poking their heads into the dingy cloud. You have at this distance, that extraordinary thing, silence — silence from a blended city of half a million of lungs and tongues. Fire one cannon off now on yonder Battery, you standing near, and how the welkin would ring again, and your ears be pierced by the heavy report; but not one cry, not one feeble echo of the thousands who are at work within that world of brick can reach us here; and yet how noisy all are who dwell therein! Thousands of women are screaming to thousands of children from the heads of stair-ways, and thousands of women, at the basement-landing, are bawling to the thousands of women at the head of the stairs to be silent, while the thousands of children, between the two great volumes of sound, send forth a shrill tenor, and yet we hear it not.

Loud upon the evening air peals the shrill cry of sudden pain, and fierce the yell of reeking murder, and yet we hear it not. All is still, all is dumb. The city is not quiet within its walls, but away out here, in the dear old country, how tranquil is it all! The echo is in your heart, good-man Knick., of prattling tongues that long for your return to them at night, in that snug sanctum, wherein oft times of yore I have sipped my favorite sherry, and smoked my fragrant weed.

Where will New-York city be twenty years hence? If any body had asked Hendrick Hudson what his opinion was about the prospects of the cape of land, he saw separating the East river and the Hudson, he never would have been prepared to prophecy the present grandeur of that place; nor would he have imagined that a syren would venture from the distant Sweden to pour her silvery tones over the rough waters of the river that was to bear his exploits and his name to posterity. Nor can we, much better than Hendrick, speak of the broad destiny of the city of the two rivers; and yet another city is beneath us, a great and a growing city. Red were its fields with the blood of the bravest of our brave in the time of trial; but now, how many churches lift their spires and tune their loud organs in gratitude for the blessings that brave blood has bought us! Brooklyn, from its heights, surveys a noble city; no monument more fitting than solitary pyramid to a nation's glory or her sons. Is your eye weary, 'Old Knick.,' with sight-seeing? The sun is dipping in the west — now nearly gone — just light enough left to make all earth as well as heaven a mystery. But turn northward. There is Williamsburgh, Astoria, Flushing, and other suburbs of New-York; and, now south, and you see the bay of Jamaica, and the desert-like lands of 'Old Long-Island's sea-girt shore.' Now we have, with our eyes, travelled round the horizon of a hundred and fifty miles, and all this we have gained by a walk of half an hour from my quiet roost in Pacific-street.

The night is coming on, and homeward we must wend our way. You to your roost, and I to mine. We have been perching high up in the air on the roof of the good inn — and *such* an hour! How different our return from our approach! How sobered and subdued! Good-night! I am for my own hearth, to muse upon the past, and muster fresh energies for the future.

## B E T T E R M O M E N T S .

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BY C. E. HAVENS.

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## I

WHEN to our longing souls are given  
Those glimpses of an after life,  
That make us half-forget the strife,  
Along Earth's pathway up to Heaven ;

## II.

Sublime unto the wondering eye,  
The shadowy grandeur towers around,  
And hymnings of triumphal sound  
Swell loudly up, sweep gently by.

## III.

The expanding soul, with large embrace,  
Claims brotherhood with all mankind,  
And runs with new delight to find  
A world is with it in the race.

## IV.

The passing clouds of grief that throw  
A shade of darkness o'er the mind,  
Leave but a brighter light behind,  
Turning to gladness all our wo.

## V.

Nature is clad in livelier green,  
And boundless sky, like boundless soul,  
Lit by some central lamp, from pole  
To utmost pole appears serene.

## VI.

Such moments are the sunny beams,  
To which, with ever new delight,  
Our memories in their backward flight  
Return and bathe in golden streams.

## VII.

Such moments are but fortastes sweet  
Of raptures which we yet shall feel,  
When breath by breath, at last we steal  
To other shores, old friends to greet.

## VIII.

To other shores, where circling range  
With glittering wings the white-robed choirs,  
Chanting, to melody of lyres,  
Celestial hymns, of ceaseless change.



## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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ADDRESS BEFORE THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, at the Anniversary Meeting in Cincinnati, May 8, 1850. By JOHN C. WARREN, M. D., President of the Association.

THE medical community of the United States are no less indebted to Doctor WARREN for this excellent, suggestive, and carefully-considered address, than for the honor of recording his name as the President of their Association. Standing as Doctor WARREN unquestionably does, the venerable head of American surgery, whatever opinions he pronounces, whatever counsels he enforces, whatever facts he declares, come with all the weight that years and knowledge can impart; years unclouded by infirmity, or indolence of mind or body, and knowledge built on a sure and sagacious experience. If now, in the reposing period of his honorable career, he resigns to younger hands the practice of that high art, which has become hereditary in his family, it is a satisfaction to know that his faculties are still active in their habitual sphere.

There is something very pleasing and dignified in this distinction between those whose lives have been devoted to some great art, or some learned profession, and the men who have been absorbed in the details of commerce. The mere man of business is glad enough, on retiring from active pursuits, to drop the thoughts and cares engendered by trade. He has had enough of tariffs, and markets, and cotton. Wall-street jargon has rub-a-dub'd upon the drum of his ear long enough, and he is glad to escape from the realm of drays and brokers into the quiet contemplation of clover and turnips. But not so with the artist, the great lawyer, or the physician, who finds in his profession a higher aim and a higher reward than the collection of fees. Science to these men has opened a volume whose pages are infinite. The world of discovery and invention for them is unexhausted. The treasury of the past is daily enriched by new contributions, and the eager curiosity of their novitiate is only expanded by age into a deeper and a more philosophical spirit of research.

Doctor WARREN, preserving unabated his interest in whatever relates to his profession, enters with all the enthusiasm of a young man into a brief but graphic sketch of the condition of American surgery, at the beginning of his career, and of its progress to the present day. At that time the difficulties in the way of the student were great, and the limited means of instruction betokened the infant state of medical science. There was one medical school in Philadelphia, another in New-York, and a third, still younger, near Boston. 'A single subject,' Doctor WARREN observes, 'was all we could obtain for our whole course of anatomy.' Even in London, at the period when WILLIAM HUNTER delivered the first private course on anatomy, in 1750,

a single subject was employed for the lectures in the London Hospital, and the course of the arteries was demonstrated by a foetal preparation. But it was Doctor WARREN's good fortune to arrive in London at the time when the genius of JOHN HUNTER had just given a new impulse to the scientific researches of the profession. He became a pupil of COOPER, (afterward Sir ASTLEY,) and acted as dresser to his predecessor and relative, Mr. WILLIAM COOPER.

Mr. WILLIAM COOPER was a fine classical scholar, and a good surgeon, though not friendly to operations. Doctor WARREN observes of him: 'He was not particularly fond of our country, the newly-formed United States, and sometimes affected to be surprised that we were so 'light complexioned.' Once he said: 'Have you *schools* in America?' And again: 'You have fallen off from us like unripe fruit.' Doctor WARREN enlivens his address with various reminiscences of the foremost men of that day, who devoted themselves to surgery, both in England and France. 'It was,' as he truly says, 'a golden age in surgery.' Prominent among the great names he enumerates are those of BELL, WENZEL, in Germany, SCARPA, SEBASTIER, BICHET, and DUBOIS. Of the latter, Doctor WARREN relates the following anecdotes:

'DUBOIS was afterward Baron of the Empire, member of the Legion of Honor, and a great friend of the Emperor NAPOLEON. The emperor employed him to officiate on the occasion of the birth of his son. When a difficulty occurred in the accouchement of the empress, DUBOIS represented to NAPOLEON that she would not be relieved without the application of considerable force. NAPOLEON immediately replied: 'Treat her in the same manner you would a bourgeoisie.'

'DUBOIS was an admirable operator, and I found it a great advantage to pass my time, while in Paris, in his family, and in the hospitals in which he officiated. His operations for the stone were performed with a rapidity so great that one could scarcely follow him in the successive steps. The knife he employed was of the size and form of an oyster-knife, cutting on both edges. He performed the operation for extraction of the cataract also with wonderful adroitness. But I remember a case in which the extraction of the lens was immediately followed by the ejection of the whole contents of the globe of the eye; on which DUBOIS very coolly said to the patient: 'Mon ami, vous avez perdu votre œil.'

This rivals the story of the one-eyed Spanish gentleman, who, at a game of billiards, had his single orb knocked out by the cue of his antagonist, whereupon he exclaimed, with Castilian calmness: 'Buenos noches, Señors!' 'Good night, gentlemen!' We cannot close our brief notice of this admirable address without condensing a few remarks of Doctor WARREN, upon the moral requirements of his profession, which ought to be made a part of the practical code of every young man entering into the toils and the temptations of a surgical career: 'To a well-regulated intellect, and a well-stored memory, the student and young physician must add the higher sentiments, which spring from moral and religious feeling. . . . Physicians, when they come into practice, will find that one of the strongest barriers between them and irregular, uneducated pretenders, is to be found, not in prohibitory laws, but in the superior elevation of the moral sentiments. Men who pretend to exercise so responsible and exacting a profession without a foundation of real knowledge, must be conscious of pursuing an immoral course for selfish purposes, and quail before those who are better informed and imbued with a sound morality; and however triumphant they may appear to be for a short time, they must, and do, ultimately sink into the contempt their misconduct necessarily involves. A mere moral sentiment is not a sufficient support to the character of a professor of the healing art. He is daily placed in situations, and involved in responsibilities, which can be known to no human mind but his own; and if he does not feel answerable for his conduct to a higher consciousness than that of his own heart, he may stand on ground which will sink under him. Religious opinions and religious feeling form a highly important part of the medical character. They carry us through scenes of difficulty and

danger, in a manner satisfactory to our own consciousness. . . . And finally, the confidence of every patient, whether religious or not, will be greatest in a physician who is animated by the noblest principles which the human mind is capable of entertaining.'

Such views, unfolded by a man whose life and labors have so signally illustrated their truth, and the final reward to which they contribute, deserve to be stamped in the heart of every student. Amid the demoralizing influences of the dissecting-room; the frivolous companionship to which he is often exposed; the bad examples of all-pervading empiricisms; and the manifold temptations to swerve, for profit's sake, from the severe line of justice and simple duty, amid all the fatal influences by which he is sure to be surrounded—a strict adherence to the path of probity, and a constant fidelity to his trust, are the only anchors upon which he can rely. Honesty and persevering truth are not merely his surest instruments of permanent success, but the only ones which render success sweet when attained:

'Vogli quel' che tu debbi.'

'Wish only that which thou ought'st' was the motto of LEONARDO DE VINCI; and the student can adopt no better one, or safer to abide by. It has been followed to the letter by all who have excelled in, and shed an enduring glory upon their art, whether painters like LEONARDO, or surgeons like WARREN.

DIARY, SKETCHES AND REVIEWS, DURING AN EUROPEAN TOUR, IN THE YEAR 1847. By ROBERT DODGE. Printed for his Friends. Published by the Author.

BUT for the pertinacity with which this very indifferent book has been pressed upon our attention, we should have permitted it to drop quietly into the gulf of oblivion. As it is, however, we feel bound, in justice to the author, to say that it is a meagre skeleton of travel, alike flippant and foolish, with the slightest possible style, and the most trivial incident. How any person could sit down and deliberately copy off a journal like this, send it to the printer, read the proof-sheets of it, send it to press, and cause it to be bound up, passes our comprehension. But let us illustrate the justice of our comments by a few extracts. The writer is in London when he records the following:

'SIXTH. Went to Saint PANCRA'S Church with Mr. A. and L. It is large; somewhat like our Saint BARTHOLOMEW'S, but twice the size; a fine organ, and very crowded: dull sermon; afternoon, wrote to D., and to Paris; and at six, P. M., went to Gordon Square, to a dinner party; a pleasant affair.

'SEVENTH. With Judge GAMBLE, of Georgia, took cars at Nine Elms Station, for Richmond; and thence sauntered through Bushy Park to Hampton Court. The scenery, the whole way is delightful; the park is over a mile through, with its fine horse-chestnuts, twelve deep, on either side, and is one of the noblest in England. Drove up to the Old Lion Gateway, built by GEORGE II.; still beautiful; walked through the fine grounds, to the east front of the Palace. It covers eight acres, is built of red brick, and faced and ornamented with marble; this front is over one hundred feet high.'

Equally thrilling and instructive is the description of what occurred to the writer at Pisa:

'THIRTEENTH. Took the cars to Pisa: the cathedral is the finest I have yet seen in Italy in this style: the Baptistry is well known, and so beautiful, with its musical echo, and fine marble pulpit; then the Campo Santo, the Church of the Cavaliers of Saint STEPHEN, and a new square and statue of the Grand Duke, well done; and the Church of the Madonna della Spina, the miniature of the Milan cathedral; enjoyed the fine view from the Ponte a Mare, and as I looked upon its Vevay-like scenery, SHELLEY'S fine verses on Pisa were again present with me. IBRAHIM PACHA was walking about the Lung Arno.

'FOURTEENTH. Drove out with Mrs. M. along the shore, passing the Turks' Cemetery, to the Ardenza, about three miles drive, passed fine villas; and then to the Cisterno Nuova, a beautiful

building and reservoir; passing the New Piazza, and the fine statues of the late and present Grand Duke.'

And of just such 'skimble-skamble stuff' is the whole book composed. The young author must surely live to be ashamed of a production so crude, disjointed and uninteresting.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION: a Narrative of Recent Transactions, involving Inquiries in regard to the Principles of Honor, Truth and Justice, which obtain in a Distinguished American University. In one volume, 12mo.

WE have received the following letter, touching the work whose title is given above, and which was briefly noticed in our last number. The writer has availed himself of our offer to 'hear both sides,' but in our judgment, a review proper of the book itself should be forthcoming, to meet the exigencies of the case:

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER:

November 6, 1850.

'DEAR SIR: I have just arisen from the perusal of your very piquant summing up of that very remarkable book, with the hackneyed title, 'Truth Stranger than Fiction,' by Miss CATHERINE E. BEECHER. As you seem still open to conviction as to the real merits of this singular controversy, and willing to unravel the secret history of the book, I take the liberty of submitting a few observations that have occurred to me respecting it. I agree with you, 'this is a strange affair,' a stranger *dénouement*, and a book still more strange than either. I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with the fair authoress, but congratulate the male sex in general, that she is still permitted to write her name 'Miss.' Though no *ÆSCULAPIUS*, I have some notions of hereditary disease, and I am not surprised that the calumniator of steamship discipline, and the libeller of one of the oldest literary institutions in America, should have sprung from the same source. The eaglets are worthy of a common eyrie. I am at a loss to discover what honest or pious motive could have dictated this book. It is painful to suspect the motives of any one, still more painful to suspect the motives of a sex proverbial for lack of suspicion. But the disguise which veils the hideous features that malice and wounded vanity have distorted into the 'Gorgon' before us, is too flimsy to baffle the most ordinary penetration. If the book is wonderful, the letter of the heroine to the authoress, declining permission to have the book published, is still more so; that is to say, if one reads it as the writer intended it should be read. But fortunately for truth and plain-dealing, duplicity has adopted a hackneyed device. The coquetry here exhibited is hardly worthy of one who could hold in abeyance for more than twelve months an unsophisticated youth ten years her junior. The trick of CÆSAR:

'You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?'—

the harmless wranglings of rival quacks, in patent medicines, and 'Yankee notions,' and the late passage-at-arms between BARNUM and the Boston newspaper-editors, have familiarized us with this species of tactics; and in spite of charity and gallantry, the world will cry 'Humbug!' If the lady in question had been the first who had after twelve months' acquaintance *before marriage*, satisfied a gentleman that his purse and his person might be in better keeping than of the one who coveted *both*, she might have wondered at the failure of her own perfections. But why this lady should assume that her sex has 'as large a charter as the wind' in this respect, and that ours is 'cabined, cribbed, confined' to one chance in the great dice-box of matrimony, I can't for my life discover. The facts and circumstances detailed in this volume, in spite of suppressions and italicised words, have failed to convince me that there is any thing very marvellous in the story on one side or the other. And I see no reason why the ear of the public should 'be besieged' by a garbled and angry pasquinade upon a trivial affair occurring between two obscure individuals in a small city, in a small state. But the passion for notoriety has in our day become a sporadic disease, and must be fed with such pestilential vapors as low places and festering substances exhale.

'Here I would stop; but the letter!—I must say one word about that. It appears from Miss D—'s own story, that the person who has made all the mischief has reaped his 'only distinction' from association with *her*; that she is 'tired of being a victim' and does not 'wish to be a heroine.' Really, we cannot but express our sorrow, that the 'bad eminence' to which she has exalted 'this person' should have been made more conspicuous, or that she herself should have been 'victimized

for the idle purpose of attempting to model a heroine out of such meagre materials by so clumsy an artist. One word to the writer and we have done. It is an old adage that 'God sends us meats, but the Devil sends us cooks;' and although we are inclined, from a perusal of *another* work of fiction by the same authoress, to the opinion that she may be a very good cook of physical food, we suspect that her instructions in the culinary art touching the 'food of the mind' have come from the source deprecated in the proverb. We recommend her in future to confine her attentions to the '*paté de foie gras*' and *sauce piquante* of the kitchen, and her observations on 'high life' to 'below stairs;' there she has been and may be respectable; beyond that,

'Nonsense precipitate like running lead,  
Slips through the crags and zig-zags of her head.'

'Yours, etc.,

R.'

THE LIFE OF JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke. By HUGH A. GARLAND. In two volumes. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THESE are two interesting volumes, and form a valuable addition to the history of our public affairs, at an eventful period of our national career. But independent of the commendation which they deserve in this latter regard, they are equally deserving of praise for the vivid picture which they afford of the singular person whose career they detail with great minuteness. As an individual personal history, the work is full of interest. It contains a large amount of copious and unreserved correspondence with the most intimate friends of Mr. RANDOLPH, written as only himself ever wrote. Not a thought or feeling is concealed from these cherished friends of his bosom; and the letters to them, sometimes written daily, may be said to constitute a diary of his daily life. The letters were freely confided to the editor, and he seems to have made a well-discriminated use of them. If there is any thing to be found fault with in the volumes it is an occasional tendency in the writer to prolong his own text by episodes which strikes us as sometimes out of place, or at least unnecessary. We pass at once to the few quotations from the personal correspondence for which we can find space. The following is from a letter to his staunch and life-long friend, the late FRANCIS S. KEY, of Baltimore, author of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' a man of genius and a Christian gentleman, whose own letters, in the volumes before us, are models of composition:

'I HEARTILY wish that I were qualified in any shape to advise you on the subject of a new calling in life. Were I premier, I should certainly translate you to the see of Canterbury; and if I were not too conscious of my utter incompetency, I should like to take a professorship in some college where you were principal; for, like you, '*my occupation (tobacco-making) is also gone!*' Some sort of employment is absolutely necessary to keep me from expiring from ennui. I 'see no reviews,' nor any thing else of that description. My time passes in uniform monotony. For weeks together I never see a new face; and, to tell you the truth, I am so much of Captain GULLIVER's way of thinking respecting my fellow-Yahoos, (a few excepted, whose souls must have transmigrated from the generous Houyhnhnms,) that I have as much of their company as is agreeable to me, and I suspect that they are pretty much of my opinion; that I am not only ennuyé myself, but the cause of ennui in others. In fact, this business of living is, like Mr. BARLOW's reclamations on the French Government, *dull work*; and I possess so little of Pagan philosophy, or of Christian patience, as frequently to be driven to the brink of despair. 'The uses of this world have long seemed to me stale, flat, and unprofitable;' but *I have worried along, like a worn-out horse in a mail coach, by dint of habit and whip-cord, and shall at last die in the traces, running the same dull stage, day after day.*

'When you see RICHLY, commend me to him and his amiable wife. I am really glad to hear that he is quietly at home, instead of scampering along the bay shore, or inditing dispatches. *Our upper country is slid down upon the lower.* Nearly half our people are below the falls. Both my brothers are gone.'

We have italicised a line or two to indicate our admiration of the force, simplicity and originality of Mr. RANDOLPH's epistolary style. He speaks, in another letter, of going to the Hot Sulphur Springs of Virginia to '*stew the rheumatism out of his carcase*;' which carcase, we may remark in passing, seems never to have been free

from aches and pains. Perhaps the reader will find in this fact no small excuse for the petulance which sometimes characterized the subject of them. In one of his letters he says: 'My body is wholly worn out, and the intellectual part much shattered. My bodily infirmities are great and rapidly increasing, so that it will be impossible for me to sustain existence here when deprived of field exercises. I write now under the pressure of severe head-ache. You are not my physician, yet I cannot omit telling you that I am afflicted with a strange anomalous disease. It is of the heart; the most violent palpitations, succeeded by a total suspension of its functions for some seconds: and then, after several sudden spasmodic actions, the pulse becomes very slow, languid and weak. When the fit is on, it may be seen through my dress across the room.' Toward the close of the same letter, he adds: 'I wish I could say something of my future movements. I look forward without hope. Clouds and darkness hang upon my prospects; and should my feeble frame hang together a few years longer, the time may arrive when my best friends, as well as myself, may pray that a close may be put to the same.' Such expressions as the following are frequent throughout his correspondence: 'On the terms by which I hold it, life is a curse from which I would willingly escape, *if I knew where to fly.*' Mr. RANDOLPH was for a long period immersed in clouds and darkness on the subject of religion, but at last faith and hope were triumphant. After his reflection for the second time to congress, he writes to a friend: 'You will have perceived, I hope, my good friend, from my letter by Dr. —, that I have felt no disposition to indulge in an unbecoming triumph on the event of the late election in this district. I do assure you with the utmost sincerity, that, so far as I am personally concerned, I cannot but regret the partiality of my friends, who insisted on holding me up on this occasion. I am engrossed by sentiments of a far different character, and I look forward to the future in this world, to say nothing of the next, with anticipations that forbid any idle expression of exultation. On the contrary, my sensations are such as become a dependent creature, whose only hope for salvation rests upon the free grace of HIM to whom we must look for peace in this world, as well as in the world to come.' Elsewhere he remarks: 'My dear Sir, there is, or there is not, another and a better world. If there is, as we all believe, what is it but madness to be absorbed in the cares of a clay-built hovel, held at will, unmindful of the rich inheritance of an imperishable palace, of which we are immortal heirs?' We enter fully into the feelings of the author of the work before us, after the perusal of his pages, when he writes:

'WHEN we come to consider the solitude in which he lived, the emaciated condition of his delicate frame, worn down by long and torturing disease, the irritable state of his nervous system — 'he was almost like a man without a skin' — the constant and sleepless excitement of his mental faculties, and of his brilliant imagination induced by this morbid irritability; when we throw ourselves into his condition, and conceive of the crowd of burning thoughts that pressed upon his mind, pass in melancholy review the many friends that had been torn from him by the hand of death, the many who had forgotten him and forsaken him as a fallen man, no longer serviceable to them; call to remembrance that his own father's house was desolate, St. GEORGE, his brother, in the mad-house, himself, like LODGE, alone in his cabin, without a drop of his father's blood save that which coursed in his own well-nigh exhausted veins; and, above all, when we call to remembrance his first, his youthful, and his only love, which is said to have greatly revived in his mind at this time with the painful, yet hallowed associations that clustered around its cherished memory — who can wonder that a man, with the temperament of JOHN RANDOLPH, under these circumstances should fling away all restraint, and should cry aloud in the anguish of his soul, and should so act and speak as to excite the astonishment of those around, and induce them to believe that he was a madman! In a similar situation DAVID was a madman; BYRON was a madman; ROSSAU — all high-souled, deep-feeling men of genius, in the eye of the world were madmen.'

In one place, the eccentric Virginian gives an amusing picture of a 'consort' which he attended, wherein a protégée of the hostess, who had 'been used to exhibition and display from the egg-shell,' sang but very little to his edification:



'I FELT very much ashamed of being there, not because the room was mean and badly lighted and dirty, and the company ill-dressed, but because I saw, for the first time, an American woman singing for hire. I would import our actors, singers, tumblers, and jack-puddings, if we must have such cattle, from Europe. HENRY DE NEUVILLE, a Frenchman, agreed with me, 'that although the lady was universally admitted to be *very amiable*, it was a dangerous example.' At first (*on dit*) she was unaffected, and sang naturally, and, I am told, agreeably enough, but now she is a bundle of 'affectations,' (as Sir HUGH hath it,) and reminds me of the little screech '*owels*,' as they say on '*the south side*.' Her voice is not bad, but she is utterly destitute of a single particle of taste or judgment. Were she a lady, and I in her company, my politeness should never induce me to punish myself by asking her to sing. When she was 'screeching,' I was strongly reminded of two lines of a mock Methodist hymn, that poor JOHN HOLLINGSWORTH used to sing when we were graceless youths at college:

'O! THAT I, like Madame FRANCE,  
Could raise my 'voice' on high,  
Thy name should last like oaken bench,  
To 'perpetui-ty.'

From his solitude at Roanoke JOHN RANDOLPH sent forth lessons of wisdom which are well worthy of being learned by the young and the inconsiderate. We commend the following extracts from one of his letters, not only to all the sons of the 'first families in Virginia,' but to young men every where:

'ONE of the best and wisest men I ever knew has often said to me, that a decayed family could never recover its loss of rank in the world until the members of it left off talking and dwelling upon its former opulence. This remark, founded in a long and close observation of mankind, I have seen verified, in numerous instances, in my own connections, who, to use the words of my oracle, 'will never thrive until they become 'poor folks:;' he added, 'they may make some struggles, and with apparent success, to recover lost ground; they may, and sometimes do, get half way up again; but they are sure to fall back, unless, reconciling themselves to circumstances, they become in form, as well as in fact, poor folks.'

'The blind pursuit of wealth, for the sake of hoarding, is a species of insanity. There are spirits, and not the least worthy, who, content with an humble mediocrity, leave the field of wealth and ambition open to more active, perhaps more guilty, competitors. Nothing can be more respectable than the independence that grows out of self-denial. The man who, by abridging his wants, can find time to devote to the cultivation of his mind, or the aid of his fellow-creatures, is a being far above the plodding sons of industry and gain. His is a spirit of the noblest order. But what shall we say to the drone, whom society is eager 'to shake from her encumbered lap?' who lounges from place to place, and spends more time in 'Adonizing' his person, even in a morning, than would serve to earn his breakfast? who is curious in his living, a connoisseur in wines, fastidious in his cookery; but who never knew the luxury of earning a single meal? Such a creature, 'sponging' from house to house, and always on the borrow, may yet be found in Virginia. One more generation will, I trust, put an end to them; and their posterity, if they have any, must work or steal *directly*.

'Men are like nations: one founds a family, the other an empire; both destined, sooner or later, to decay. This is the way in which ability manifest itself. They who belong to a higher order, like NEWTON, and MILTON, and SHAKESPEARE, leave an imperishable name. I have no quarrel with such as are content with their original obscurity, vegetate on from father to son; 'whose ignoble blood has crept through *clodpoles* ever since the flood;' but I cannot respect them. He who contentedly eats the bread of idleness and dependence is beneath contempt.'

Considering that the following came from an incorrigible old bachelor, we consider it worthy of heed:

'You know my opinion of female society. Without it, we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood; for, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one, I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man, nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his CREATOR) to some virtuous and amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution which besets it on all sides. Nevertheless, I trust that your fondness for the company of ladies may not rob you of the time which ought to be devoted to reading and meditating on your profession; and, above all, that it may not acquire for you the reputation of *dangler*—in itself bordering on the contemptible, and seriously detrimental to your professional character. A cautious old SQUARKROSE, who might have no objection to employing such a one at the bar, would, perhaps, be shy of introducing him as a practitioner in his family, in case he should have a pretty daughter, or niece, or sister; although all experience shows, that of all male animals, the dangler is the most harmless to the ladies, who quickly learn, with the intuitive sagacity of the sex, to make a convenience of him, while he serves for a butt also. Rely upon it, that to love a woman as a 'mistress,' although a delicious delirium—an intoxication far surpassing that of champagne—is altogether unessential, nay, *pernicious*, in the choice of a wife; which a man ought to set about in his sober senses, choosing her, as Mrs. PRIMROSE did her wedding-gown, for qualities that 'wear well.'

With these 'specimens' of the character of the volumes before us, we take our regretful leave of them, commending them to our readers as well calculated to enlist attention and reward perusal. They are well printed, upon good paper.



PROGRESS IN THE NORTH-WEST. Annual Discourse before the Historical Society of Ohio. By the President, WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER. Cincinnati: H. W. DERBY AND COMPANY.

MR. GALLAGHER, who is one of the most distinguished of all our western poets, has in the address before us shown himself master of a prose style of great compactness and force. We seldom see any thing in the journals or elsewhere, to which the name of this gentleman is attached, without giving it our immediate attention, nor are our expectations of enjoyment ever disappointed. In the present address, the writer treats of the facts connected with the past progress of the north-west, and of the conditions of its future advancement. In the opening of his theme we have this spirited illustration of the difference between ancient and modern civilization :

'THE ancient civilizations were sensuous ; the modern civilization is spiritual. The ancient civilizations encouraged distinctions ; the modern civilization proclaims, in tones that thrill and echo through the universe : 'God is no respecter of persons!' The ancient civilizations made of woman a slave to man's caprices, appetites, and power, and denied her anything approaching to equality of state with him ; the modern civilization declares her equality, praises and protects her virtues, seeks to educate her intellect and develop her deepest affections, and proclaims her 'a ministering angel' amid the doubt, and suffering, and nefarious wrongs of life. The ancient civilizations built the pyramids and the palaces of Egypt, founded the magnificent empires and the rich cities of Asia, erected the temples of Greece, and constructed the Appian Way and the Roman Aqueducts ; the modern civilization builds the common school, the christian church, the lunatic asylum, the institution for the blind, the school for the deaf and dumb, the hospital, and the almshouse. The ancient civilizations inclosed their cities, and even their countries, within high and strong walls, to protect them alike from the rapacity and the weapons of neighboring peoples ; the modern civilization connects its cities by good roads and canals, to invite visits from one another, and constructs railways from state to state, and across continents from ocean to ocean, to facilitate intercommunication, and thus brings and binds peoples together, instead of walling them apart. The ancient civilizations decorated the walls and columns of their temples and dwellings with paintings and sculptures, representing personal conflicts, conquerors returning from battle bearing the dismembered heads of the slain, and other evidences of the bloody exertion of brute strength ; the modern civilization fills its private residences and public halls with paintings and statues that awaken the purer associations, call into activity the higher sentiments, and fill the mind and heart with images of beauty, truth, holiness, and love. The ancient civilizations sent armies abroad, to conquer and subdue with the sword and with fire ; the modern civilization sends the school-master and the missionary abroad, to conquer and subdue with intellectual light, with gospel truth, with human and divine love.'

We were struck with this eloquent description of the agency of steam in peopling the great valley which stretches from the western slopes of the Alleghenies to the Mississippi and thence to the twentieth parallel of longitude :

'A NEW agent of civilization and settlement was now introduced. The keel of the steamboat had been plowing the waters of the West for three or four years. This description of navigation was no longer a mere experiment. Speaking relatively to what was then attempted, it had succeeded ; and every time the escape of steam, or the splash of the paddles, woke the echoes of the still solitary shores, a requiem sounded for the departing Indian, and a song of gladness went up for the arrival of his adventurous successor. The genius of FELTON was, in the hands of these adventurers, the Lamp of ALADDIN ; it opened to them freely the doors of the Great West, frightened away their enemies, and displayed to their enraptured gaze the many and glittering charms of this beautiful land. And still the paddles dashed the waters ; and still the piercing shriek of the escape-pipe woke the deep echoes ; and still the child of the forest receded farther and farther ; and still rolled on the stream of emigration, through the gaps of the Cumberland, over the heights of the Alleghenies, down into the rich valley through which coursed the calm waters of the Ohio. And another period of ten years passed — the third decade in the half century — and the population was become two million, two hundred and ninety-eight thousand, three hundred and ninety.

'By this time, over nearly the whole broad bosom of the region which I have mapped out, were scattered the habitations of men, and introduced the institutions of Christian, civilized life. In the interiors of its different sections, the wigwams of the savage had given place to the cabins of the new comers, and the farm-houses of the first settlers. On the small streams, which everywhere sent up their glad voices, giving to the deep solitude a tongue that was eloquent, the hand of enterprise had taken the willing waters, and borne them to the clattering wheels of the manufactory, where they labored and yet sported, and, like virtue, were overruled and yet free. On the broad lakes, on the mighty rivers, the arm of STREAM,

'That fleshless arm, whose pulses leap  
With floods of living fire.'

was propelling the gigantic hull, freighted with hundreds of human beings, coming from afar to cultivate the land, to fabricate its crude products, to engage in trade and commerce, to 'multiply and replenish the earth.' On the great natural highways, populous cities had taken the place of the

primeval groves, and the school-house, the church, the depôts of commerce, and the elegant mansion, invited the on-coming multitudes to seek in and around them new and better homes. And the years of the fourth decade were told, and the population had swelled to four million, one hundred and thirty-one thousand, three hundred and seventy souls.

‘Still went on the work. The seat of a commerce of hundreds of millions per year was this now populous region. The marts of its trade were filled with the surplus products of its soil, which were borne away in thousands of vessels to feed the hungry in less-favored lands. Its flocks were feeding on unnumbered hills, and in countless fields its crops sprang up, and ripened, and bowed before the sickle. That subtle POWER, which by water had brought its myriads of people to its generous bosom, and borne its rich products away in exchange for what its own soil did not yield, scorned longer to be confined to the rivers and the lakes, and their comparatively slow-moving keels. Springing upon the dry land, and seeking the iron tracks which science and labor had laid on the leveled earth, He clutched the loaded car with His invisible fingers, and bore it from point to point for hundreds of miles, with an ease and a velocity before unknown,

‘The beatings of His mighty heart’

still sounding through the storm or the calm, and giving the only note of His approach as He rushed through forest and field, over streams and marshes, and around the bases of many hills, with His gigantic burden. Nor was this enough. For commerce it might have been, and for bodily transit from place to place, but not for thought. And next flashed upon human genius the still more subtle essence of the electric spark; and hither came its whispering wires, stretching from hill to hill and from state to state, crossing mountains, leaping ravines, spanning rivers, and bearing to the depths of this far Interior in the twinkling of an eye, the message spoken a thousand miles away, on the outer rim of the vast Continent. And the human tide has still rolled on and on; and the remoter forests of this region have been pierced and subdued, until the solitudes that, at the period from which this retrospect started, heard only the eternal chime of the Falls of St. ANTHONY, and the wild voices of the dark Chippeways, are filling with the homes of civilized man, and becoming vocal with prayers and hymns of thanksgiving to God. And the fifth decade has gone by, and *seven millions* now number the population of this region, which half a century ago, as was shown, contained less than three hundred thousand souls.’

With the following thoughts, equally truthful and eloquent, we close our quotations from this well-written and instructive address, which, better than any words of ours, will commend it to the admiration of our readers: ‘We, who contrast the steam-ship or the packet of our day with the ‘ship of Alexandria,’ in which the apostle PAUL ‘sailed slowly many days;’ we, who compare the means of transportation now possessed with any thing known to a previous age; we, who look in vain, in the past of all time, for that which may be presented as an equivalent for the locomotive, or the electric telegraph; we, who have the printing press, and contend that the ancient world, before the flood or after the flood, had no agent of civilization at all comparable to this; we, who deny the sufficiency of the evidence which is often presented, in support of the claim that the lost arts of past centuries at all equal in number or importance the arts now known and practiced; have an abiding faith, that all progress is not material progress. We see in the constant struggles of man for a truer freedom and a higher life, evidence of an in-dwelling power to achieve and enjoy them. We see in the gradual but certain spread of Gospel Truth, and the paling of the sacrificial fires of Paganism before its light, indications too strong to be resisted, that through the mission of CHRIST the nations of all the earth are yet to come to a knowledge of the True God. We see in the weak governments of Asia and the tottering thrones of Europe, ‘the beginning of the end’ of countless ages of oppression. We see in the mighty stream of humanity that pours unceasing from the shores of the Old World to the shores of the New, evidences that here is to be made the next great advance in the political and spiritual freedom of man. And on this continent we behold such a continuous march toward the immediate region of country which we have had under view, as to indicate this as the chosen land of the new experiment; the brilliant centre from which are to radiate the glorious beams of a truer civilization than has yet blessed the hopes of man.’ Such addresses as the one we have been considering would do much, if properly diffused abroad, to open the eyes of our trans-Atlantic neighbors to certain physical facts, touching this country, which are not unworthy of heed.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A FEW WORDS MORE TOUCHING JENNY LIND.—So much has been said about JENNY LIND, so many elaborate critiques printed, and so many opinions expressed by artists and amateurs, and the 'people' at large, that, illustrious as is the subject, it has become almost hackneyed. It still remains for us, however, to finish 'our say;' and not a reader of these pages but knows that what we say is unfettered by side-influences, and uninfluenced by frown or favor. The point has been already settled that Mademoiselle LIND's voice is perfect in quality, and wonderful in compass, reaching to F of the second line above the lines, with which note she plays as if in involuntary love of and wonder at her own strange and unique power. With regard to the warblings upon some of the soprano notes, compared with which the sweetest carol of birds is as that of the thrush to the nightingale, we need say little. They are indescribably pure and musical. She here lays indisputable claim to unrivalled natural facility and a great degree of artistic skill. But to speak of the highest of all the grades of art, which may better go by the name of genius, since the power lies in the inspired soul, it is in the Sacred Oratorio that M<sup>lle</sup> JENNY LIND discovers the full measure of her resources. In her capacity for interpreting the highest kind of music—the spiritual—it may be said that she is perfect. But perfection is always unobtrusive, because entirely harmonious and symmetrical: therefore, how delicate must be the ear, how pure and elevated must be the soul of the critic, to appreciate it; whereas the heavenly spark in the breasts of the uninitiated is kindled, unwittingly to themselves, by the subtle influence; and the throngs of the 'middle classes,' who spend their hard-earned dollars for a few hours of this spiritual enjoyment, do not know that they are moved by the purest inspiration. This worshipping of the Muse by the common mechanic and the artisan is the surest proof of its genuineness. It is on the one hand only the extremest glare that can dazzle them, on the other it is only the electric principle of the extremest harmonies that can penetrate, inspire and subdue them. Any intermediate shades are so many senseless sounds and images; and where the artistic power exists in a degree, without the charm of musical tones, which is almost universally the case with our prima-donnas, our sturdy artisan turns away disgusted, failing to find any thing in their highest flights but what is disagreeable or ludicrous. The fact that our concerts have been hitherto sustained exclusively by the *élite*, and the evidence deduced therefrom that the humbler classes consider it extravagant self-indulgence to pay their dollar or half-dollar when a so much finer 'concourse of sweet sounds' can be enjoyed by the purchase of a two-shilling ticket

for an entertainment, where pathos and grossness alternate in the most grotesque contrast, (as the 'CHRISTY'S' and the like places) which entertainments have been and will continue to be thronged as densely as *TRIPLER Hall*; this fact, we say, proves absolutely, that it is extremes which sway the multitude, and that therefore *JENNY LIND*'s popularity with them must be ascribed to the influence of the most musical tones that human organs ever produced, and the most subtle genius that ever gave inspiration to them, for such only can awaken the latent harmonies in every breast; in the refined and educated; in the humble, the unlettered and the rude. We have said it!

*DICKENS'S 'DAVID COPPERFIELD' CONCLUDED.*—This work, which we cannot help thinking is not inferior to the very best that has proceeded from the pen of its popular and prolific author, is brought to a conclusion, and a complete copy, on somewhat too fine type, we are sorry to say, from the press of Mr. W. F. BURGESS, publisher, in Ann-street, lies before us. We have from time to time, as the work advanced, in its separate numbers, spoken of, and made extracts from it. We have made our readers acquainted with little *DORA*, the 'child-wife' of the hero; with the villain *STEERFORTH*, the cold *MURDSTONES*, the simple, honest *PEGGOTTYS*, the stately *MICAWBER* and his prolific family, glorious *BETSEY TROTWOOD*, and that sneaking, designing, crawling rascal, the 'umble' *URIAH HEEP*. All these characters have now 'passed into history,' and are endenizen'd in thousands of memories. We have had marked some time for insertion this admirable sketch of the manner in which *URIAH HEEP* was balked in a base attempt to cheat his employer out of his fortune, through the illness and neglect of his benefactor. *MICAWBER*, his clerk, exposes him to the friends of the family, and especially of *AGNES*, the young and lovely daughter, after whose hand and 'affections' his own mean soul was yearning:

'I HAD not seen *URIAH HEEP* since the time of the blow. Our visit astonished him, evidently; not the less, I dare say, because it astonished ourselves. He did not gather his eyebrows together, for he had none worth mentioning; but he frowned to that degree that he almost closed his small eyes, while the hurried raising of his grisly hand to his chin betrayed some trepidation or surprise. This was only when we were in the act of entering the room, and when I caught a glance at him over my aunt's shoulder. A moment afterward he was as fawning and as humble as ever.

'Well, I am sure,' he said. 'This is indeed an unexpected pleasure! To have, as I may say, all friends round Saint *PAUL'S*, at once, is a treat unlooked for. Mr. *COPPERFIELD*, I hope I see you well, and, if I may umbly express self so, friendly toward them as is ever your friends, whether or not. Mrs. *COPPERFIELD*, Sir, I hope she's getting on. We have been made quite uneasy by the poor accounts we have had of her state, lately, I do assure you.'

'I felt ashamed to let him take my hand, but I did not know yet what else to do.

'Things are changed in this office, Miss *TROTWOOD*, since I was a numble clerk, and held your pony; ain't they?' said *URIAH*, with his sickliest smile. 'But I am not changed, Miss *TROTWOOD*.'

'Well, Sir,' returned my aunt, 'to tell the truth, I think you are pretty constant to the promise of your youth; if that's any satisfaction to you.'

'Thank you, Miss *TROTWOOD*,' said *URIAH*, writhing in his ungainly manner, 'for your good opinion! *MICAWBER*, tell 'em to let Miss *AGNES* know, and mother. Mother will be quite in a state, when she sees the present company!' said *URIAH*, setting chairs.

'You are not busy, Mr. *HEEP*?' said *TRADDLES*, whose eye the cunning red eye accidentally caught, as it at once scrutinized and evaded us.

'No, Mr. *TRADDLES*,' replied *URIAH*, resuming his official seat, and squeezing his bony hands, laid palm to palm, between his bony knees. 'Not so much so as I could wish. But lawyers, sharks, and leeches are not easily satisfied, you know. Not but that myself and *MICAWBER* have our hands full, in general, on account of Mr. *WICKFIELD*'s being hardly fit for any occupation, Sir. But it's a pleasure as well as a duty, I am sure, to work for *him*. You've not been intimate with Mr. *WICKFIELD*, I think, Mr. *TRADDLES*? I believe I've only had the honor of seeing you once myself?'

'No, I have not been intimate with Mr. *WICKFIELD*,' returned *TRADDLES*, 'or I might perhaps have waited on you long ago, Mr. *HEEP*.'

'There was something in the tone of this reply which made *URIAH* look at the speaker again, with a very sinister and suspicious expression. But seeing only *TRADDLES* with his good-natured

face, simple manner, and hair on end, he dismissed it as he replied, with a jerk of his whole body, but especially in his throat:

"I am sorry for that, Mr. TRADDLES. You would have admired him as much as we all do. His little failings would only have endeared him to you the more. But if you would like to hear my fellow-partner eloquently spoken of, I should refer you to COPPERFIELD. The family is a subject he's very strong upon, if you never heard him."

"I was prevented from disclaiming the compliment (if I should have done so, in any case) by the entrance of AGNES, now ushered in by Mr. MICAWBER. She was not quite so self-possessed as usual, I thought, and had evidently undergone great anxiety and fatigue. But her earnest cordiality, and her quiet beauty, shone with the gentler lustre for it. I saw URIAH watch her while she greeted us, and he reminded me of an ugly and rebellious genie watching a good spirit. In the meanwhile, some slight sign passed between Mr. MICAWBER and TRADDLES; and TRADDLES, unobserved except by me, went out.

"Do n't wait, MICAWBER," said URIAH.

"Mr. MICAWBER, with his hand upon the ruler in his breast, stood erect before the door, most unmistakeably contemplating one of his fellow-men, and that man his employer.

"What are you waiting for?" said URIAH. "MICAWBER, did you hear me tell you not to wait?"

"Yes!" replied the immovable Mr. MICAWBER.

"Then why do you wait?" said URIAH.

"Because I — in short choose," replied Mr. MICAWBER, with a burst.

"URIAH's cheeks lost color, and an unwholesome paleness, still faintly tinged by his pervading red, overspread them. He looked at Mr. MICAWBER attentively, with his whole face breathing short and quick in every feature.

"You are a dissipated fellow, as all the world knows," he said, with an effort at a smile, "and I am afraid you'll oblige me to get rid of you. Go along! I'll talk to you presently."

"If there is a scoundrel on this earth," said Mr. MICAWBER, suddenly breaking out again with the utmost violence, "with whom I have already talked too much, that scoundrel's name is — HEER!"

"URIAH fell back, as if he had been struck or stung. Looking slowly round upon us, with the darkest and wickedest expression that his face could wear, he said in a lower voice:

"Oho! This is a conspiracy! You have met here by appointment! You are playing Booty with my clerk, are you, COPPERFIELD? Now take care. You'll make nothing of this. We understand each other, you and me. There's no love between us. You were always a puppy, with a proud stomach, from your first coming here; and you envy me my rise, do you? None of your plots against me; I'll counterplot you! MICAWBER, you be off. I'll talk to you presently."

"Mr. MICAWBER," said I, "there is a sudden change in this fellow, in more respects than the extraordinary one of his speaking the truth in one particular, which assures me that he is brought to bay. Deal with him as he deserves!"

"You are a precious set of people, ain't you?" said URIAH, in the same low voice, and breaking out into a clammy heat, which he wiped from his forehead with his long lean hand, "to buy over my clerk, who is the very scum of society — as you yourself were, COPPERFIELD, you know it, before any one had charity on you — to defame me with his lies? Miss TRAWWOOD, you had better stop this, or I'll stop your husband shorter than will be pleasant to you. I won't know your story, professionally, for nothing, old lady! Miss WICKFIELD, if you have any love for your father, you had better not join that gang. I'll ruin him, if you do. Now come! I have got some of you under the harrow. Think twice, before it goes over with you. Think twice, you MICAWBER, if you do n't want to be crushed. I recommend you to take yourself off, and be talked to presently, you fool, while there's time to retreat. Where's mother?" he said, suddenly appearing to notice, with alarm, the absence of TRADDLES, and pulling down the bell-rope. "Fine doings in a person's own house!"

"Mrs. HEER is here, Sir," said TRADDLES, returning with that worthy mother of a worthy son. "I have taken the liberty of making myself known to her."

"Who are you to make yourself known?" retorted URIAH. "And what do you want here?"

"I am the agent and friend of Mr. WICKFIELD, Sir," said TRADDLES, in a composed, business-like way. "And I have a power of attorney from him in my pocket, to act for him in all matters."

"The old ass has drunk himself into a state of dotage," said URIAH, turning uglier than before, "and it has been got from him by fraud!"

"Something has been got from him by fraud, I know," returned TRADDLES, quietly; "and so do you, Mr. HEER. We will refer that question, if you please, to Mr. MICAWBER."

"Ury —?" Mrs. HEER began, with an anxious gesture.

"You hold your tongue, mother," he returned; "least said, soonest mended."

"But my URY —"

"Will you hold your tongue, mother, and leave it to me?"

"Though I had long known that his servility was false, and all his pretences knavish and hollow, I had no adequate conception of the extent of his hypocrisy, until I now saw him with his mask off. The suddenness with which he dropped it, when he perceived that it was useless to him; the malice, insolence, and hatred he revealed; the leer with which he exulted, even at this moment, in the evil he had done — all this time being desperate too, and at his wits' end for the means of getting the better of us — though perfectly consistent with the experience I had of him, at first took even me by surprise, who had known him so long, and disliked him so heartily.

"I say nothing of the look he conferred on me, as he stood eyeing us, one after another; for I had always understood that he hated me, and I remembered the marks of my hand upon his cheek. But when his eyes passed on to AGNES, I saw the rage with which he felt his power over her slipping away, and the exhibition, in their disappointment, of the odious passions that he had led her to aspire to one whose virtues he never could appreciate or care for; I was shocked by the mere thought of her having lived an hour within sight of such a man."

MICAWBER proceeds to unfold his villainy in detail, and in a manner entirely characteristic. URIAH is a 'numbler' scoundrel than ever, at the last; for the deed of



his benefactor, which he had forged in his own favor, was literally wrung from him.

'There was,' says COPPERFIELD :

'THERE was, as I had noticed on my first visit long ago, an iron safe in the room. The key was in it. A hasty suspicion seemed to strike URIAH ; and with a glance at Mr. MICAWBER, he went to it, and threw the doors clanking open. It was empty.

'Where are the books?' he cried, with a frightful face. 'Some thief has stolen the books!'

'Mr. MICAWBER tapped himself with the ruler. 'I did, when I got the key from you as usual — but a little earlier — and opened it this morning.'

'Don't be uneasy,' said TRADDLES. 'They have come into my possession. I will take charge of them, under the authority I mentioned.'

'You receive stolen goods, do you?' cried URIAH.

'Under such circumstances,' answered TRADDLES, 'Yes.'

'Good!' said TRADDLES, when the deed was brought. 'Now, Mr. HEEP, you can retire to think ; particularly observing, if you please, that I declare to you on the part of all present, that there is only one thing to be done ; that is what I have explained ; and that it must be done without delay.'

'URIAH, without lifting his eyes from the ground, shuffled across the room with his hand to his chin, and pausing at the door, said :

'COPPERFIELD, I have always hated you. You've always been an upstart, and you've always been against me.'

'As I think I told you once before,' said I, 'it is you who have been, in your greed and cunning, against all the world. It may be profitable to you to reflect, in future, that there never were greed and cunning in the world yet, that did not do too much, and over-reach themselves. It is as certain as death.'

'Or as certain as they used to teach at school (the same school where I picked up so much unbleness), from nine o'clock to eleven, that labor was a curse ; and from eleven o'clock to one, that it was a blessing, and a cheerfulness, and a dignity, and I do n't know what all, eh?' said he, with a sneer. 'You preach about as consistent as they did. Won't unbleness go down? I should n't have got round my gentleman fellow-partner without it, I think. MICAWBER, you old bully, I'll pay you!'

We like to follow up such a rascal to the end of his career. The last that is seen of him, in this history, is in prison, doing penance as 'Number Twenty-Seven,' where he is visited by COPPERFIELD and the gentle AGNES, whom the low-minded wretch had striven so repulsively to win :

'At last, we came to the door of his cell ; and Mr. CREAKLE, looking through a little hole in it, reported to us in a state of the greatest admiration, that he was reading a hymn book.

'There was such a rush of heads immediately, to see number twenty-seven reading his hymn book, that the little hole was blocked up, six or seven heads deep. To remedy this inconvenience, and give us an opportunity of conversing with Twenty-Seven in all his purity, Mr. CREAKLE directed the door of the cell to be unlocked, and Twenty-Seven be invited out into the passage. This was done ; and whom should TRADDLES and I then behold, to our amazement, in this converted number Twenty-Seven, but URIAH HEEP!

'He knew us directly ; and said, as he came out, with the old writhe :

'How do you do, Mr. COPPERFIELD? How do you do, Mr. TRADDLES?'

'This recognition caused a general admiration in the party, I rather thought that every one was struck by his not being proud, and taking notice of us.

'Well, Twenty-Seven,' said Mr. CREAKLE, mournfully admiring him. 'How do you find yourself to-day?'

'I am very umble, Sir?' replied URIAH HEEP.

'You are always so, Twenty Seven,' said Mr. CREAKLE.

It is not our intention to forestall the interest of our readers in the completed 'COPPERFIELD,' but we *must* show them the family of the MICAWBERS, as they appeared when about sailing to the Australian colonies, the California of the struggling and destitute in the great capitals of England :

'Mr. MICAWBER, I must observe, in his adaptation of himself to a new state of society, had acquired a bold buccaneering air, not absolutely lawless, but defensive and prompt. One might have supposed him a child of the wilderness, long accustomed to live out of the confines of civilization, and about to return to his native wilds.

'He had provided himself, among other things, with a complete suite of oil-skin, and a straw-hat with a very low crown, pitched or caulked on the outside. In this rough clothing, with a common mariner's telescope under his arm, and a shrewd trick of casting up his eye at the sky as looking out for dirty weather, he was far more nautical, after his manner, than Mr. PEGGOTTY. His whole family, if I may so express it, were cleared for action. I found Mrs. MICAWBER in the closest and most uncompromising of bonnets, made fast under the chin ; and in a shawl which tied her up (as I had been tied up, when my aunt first received me) like a bundle, and was secured behind at the waist in a strong knot. Miss MICAWBER I found made snug for stormy weather, in the same manner, with nothing superfluous about her. Master MICAWBER was hardly visible in a Guernsey shirt, and the shaggiest suit of slops I ever saw ; and the children were done up, like preserved meats, in impervious cases. Both Mr. MICAWBER and his eldest son wore their sleeves loosely turned back at

the wrists, as being ready to lend a hand in any direction, and to 'tumble up,' or sing out 'Yeo — Heave — Yeo!' on the shortest notice.'

"On the voyage, I shall endeavor," said Mr. MICAWBER, 'occasionally to spin them a yarn; and the melody of my son WILKINS will, I trust, be acceptable at the galley-fire. When Mrs MICAWBER has her sea-legs on — an expression in which I hope there is no conventional impropriety — she will give them, I dare say, 'Little Tafflin.' Porpoises and dolphins, I believe, will be frequently observed athwart our bows; and, either on the starboard or larboard quarter, objects of interest will be continually descried. In short," said Mr. MICAWBER, with the old genteel air, 'the probability is, all will be found so exciting, alow and aloft, that when the look-out stationed in the main-top cries 'Land-ho!' we shall be very considerably astonished?'

A picture by OSTADE, of which our author was reminded by the following scene, could scarcely have been more effective than his own pen-liniming:

'Among the great beams, bulks, and ring-bolts of the ship, and the emigrant-berths, and chests, and bundles, and barrels, and heaps of miscellaneous baggage, lighted up, here and there, by dangling lanterns, and elsewhere by the yellow day-light straying down a windsail or a hatchway, were crowded groups of people, making new friendships, taking leave of one another, talking, laughing, crying, eating, and drinking; some already settled down into the possession of their few feet of space, with their little households arranged, and tiny children established on stools, or in dwarf elbow-chairs; others despairing of a resting-place, and wandering disconsolately. From babies who had but a week or two of life behind them, to crooked old men and women who seemed to have but a week or two of life before them, and from ploughmen boldly carrying out soil of England on their boots, to smiths taking away samples of its soot and smoke upon their skins — every age and occupation appeared to be crammed into the narrow compass of the 'tween decks.'

Nothing could be more touchingly told than the renewed love for AGNES WICKFIELD, and the manner in which their united affections reached a joyous fruition. Again we say, 'Commend us to 'DAVID COPPERFIELD,' and again do we commend it, warmly and cordially, to our readers.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Since the throwing out, by the envious and interested committee of the 'American Institute,' of our '*Patent Self-Regulating Back-Action Hen-Persuader*,' a most ingenious and simple contrivance for promoting the increase of devourable eggs in 'the markets of the world,' we have not taken much interest in inventions; deeming that inventors themselves are not sufficiently appreciated, and that, as a general thing, if they possessed a proper 'self-respect' they would keep their 'specifications' to themselves, and their 'improvements' for private use. We hope that the inventor of '*The North-American Fly-Trap*,' spoken of below by a pleasant western correspondent, will have no occasion to lament the 'ingratitude of republics.' Among the classified list of patents granted by the Patent Office in the year 1848, according to the report of EDMUND BURKE, then commissioner, Kentucky, it appears, has registered seven; and among these, one WILSON SHREVE, under letters-patent, claims all the rights, benefits, etc., accruing from his invention, a — '*Fly-Trap*.' Think of it, Master KNICK! Oh! the weary days and sleepless nights WILSON SHREVE must have passed, ere the crude first idea, the *initium*, resolved itself into form and fashion, and the fly-trap was the result! NEWTON's apple, GALILEO's pendulum, ALFRED's spider, were the first hints, the 'suggestions,' the faint glimmerings of the spark that afterward burned up to goodly-sized flames, as the times go, but the world is left in profound ignorance, in worse than Cimmerian darkness, of the beginning, the 'working out' and the grand principle, that acts and moves and keeps in being this bugbear of the blue-bottles. Is it an intricate combination of wheels, springs, and elastic pieces of whale-bone, luring the entomological specimen into fancied security by offering a resting-place to its weary wings, when whizz! crack! and the deluded victim is knocked into a fricassee



state, a 'bonne-bouche' for an epicurian spider? Is it a labyrinth into which the erratic wanderer is reduced to creep when night has

'THROWN her mantle o'er the world  
And pinned it with a star?'

and then, after wandering about for days and days, amid convolutions and passages, cross-chambers and avenues, gets its suctorial brain-bewildered in the maze; makes two or three desperate rectangular charges to force its way through, and at last falls, worn out and exhausted, on its back, convulsively draws up its six legs, hums a dying air, and goes into an eternal sleep, dreaming of the merry jousts with its companions, around the sunny window-sill, in the long summer mornings? Or rather is not the foundation, the substratum, nay, the whole edifice itself, treacle? Dark indeed was the day for the *musca* race, when Mr. WILSON SHREVE, sitting in his easy chair after a hearty dinner, endeavoring to covet the transient but sweet embraces of the drowsy god, felt on the end of his nose that provoking thrill, that most agonizing of sensations, occasioned by the sudden descent of a member of that race, who mistook the shining apex for a pinnacle of peace, an 'oasis,' an Ararat, where he might rest his wings ere he re-joined the reel. Alarming was the sudden start, and fierce was the rubbing of the said proboscis. But gradually the weary hand ceased its manipulations, the heavy head again inclined itself forward, the right leg, crossed in satisfaction over the knee of the left, imperceptibly almost, was slowly sliding off, and Mr. WILSON SHREVE was again in that abnormal state, a foreigner just within the confines of dreamland, but not yet naturalized nor acclimated, when whirr!—buzz!—zip!—and the volant persecutor darted in and out of his left auricular. One open-handed, murderous swoop, and Mr. SHREVE started into full consciousness that his 'trickisy ARIEL' was off, and was now very probably chasing a brother or sister fly, with very doubtful intentions, through the open door-way. Entrenching his head behind a curtain-calico-figured handkerchief, again Mr. SHREVE resigned himself to repose. Again did the 'familiar spirit,' attracted by the aroma arising from the stains of hoe-cake, wander about in rectangular eccentricity over the veil, until at length a breach is found, where the handkerchief, falling into such graceful folds as only silk can ever attain to, raises an arch like a mouse-hole. It enters. A pause; ten seconds; twenty; a snore; thirty—'DARNATION!' echoes from the stinging lips of the excited Mr. SHREVE, as he springs to his feet, rubbing them, not the feet, but the lips, over which the wily intruder had just galloped, making as many impressions on the delicate epidermis with his six little claws as if he had been a milaped, and with lowering brow, flashing eye, open pen-knife, and a pile of shingles, the great inventor swears a terrible oath, and goes to work. Time rolls on. A poor but proud nation is taught the world-lesson that those two adjectives are too antagonistical to be entertained simultaneously; the conqueror comes home, and seized by popular applause, is hurried neck and shoulders into that much-envied but very uncomfortable piece of cabinet furniture, the presidential chair. The car of anarchy and confusion, bowled along by the most ungovernable team that ever yet wore traces, slaves with their hot blood up, crashes over Europe. The fell destroyer Cholera steals on in its noisome night-marches, but WILSON SHREVE thinks on, whittles on, until THE FLY-TRAP is finished. — We feel it is not for us; that we are not sufficiently advanced on the road to perfectability; but in the distant future another genius will arise, like the glorious sun, a SMITH or a TOMPKINS, and eliminate such ideas as will show the perfect practicability of altering and applying this, the 'brain-child' of the nineteenth century, to the utter and

total extermination of the whole *culex* tribe. Then will the weary denizen of the north, in the pauses of his heavy sleep, and the red-ripe maiden of the sunny south, in her afternoon siesta, murmur blessings on the name of WILSON SHREVE.' . . . READER, you have many and many a time heard from the writer of this original '*Sonnet to a Rich Rhymester*,' and never once, we venture to say, without pleasure :

THOU purse-proud POET! with as airy foot  
The clumsy camel through the needle's eye  
Might gaily skip a minuet — or put  
In competition with the summer fly  
His heavy gait — as thine, if matched with him  
Who, like a sinewy racer, to the field  
Comes, light of ancle, with elastic limb,  
And heart of temper too serene to yield  
In the proud contest, where the gift of strength  
And speed and courage win the Olympian meed.  
Thine's a laborious pace; the power of length  
And persevering dullness — he, with one  
Immortal bound, outstrips thee like a steed  
Fresh in the harness of his lord the sun!

WE have 'laughed furtively,' as our greatest American novelist would say, at the following, received in a recent epistle from a Kentucky correspondent: 'While the cholera was here last summer, a remarkably sharp specimen of 'Young America' managed to keep body and boots together by familiarly entering the doors of any of the stores or offices, and telling his story in a way to win a few dimes, on the score of charity or impudence. To the respectable portion of the community he delivered the stereotyped history of 'Father died in New-Orleans, and I'm a-travelin' home to New-York to see me mother; wo'n't ye please, Sir, gi' me a dime?' But to me, whom he knew better, he told a most amusing tale of his adventurs. English born, he had shipped while only fourteen years old on board a New-Orleans and Liverpool packet, made two or three trips, became disgusted, and taking French leave at New-Orleans, started to walk 'across the country' to New-York! He spent his last shilling on the road, and somewhere in Ohio hired himself to a farmer, who sent him out on the following morning to 'break up' a piece of ground. In the course of an hour TOM made his appearance at the house, very much flushed in the face, as if ploughing the earth was rather more tedious a business than ploughing the domain of Father NEPTUNE. 'Well, TOM,' said the old squatter, 'what's the matter? How did you get along?' 'She's wrecked, Sir!' was the reply. 'Wrecked!' echoed his employer; 'why, TOM, what do you mean?' 'Why, Sir,' said TOM, bringing his hand up to his carrotty poll, 'the craft was n't well ballasted, Sir, and would n't obey the tiller; and though I held her hard a-port, she lurched off a-lee, and run on the breakers. You'll find her out yonder, Sir, due nor'-east, on her beam-ends, with her cut-water hard in a stump, the larbo'd bull on the starb'd side, the starb'd bull on the larb'd, and the old mare foul o' the rigging!' TOM was discharged forthwith.' . . . If the correspondent who sends us the following only writes in his articles half as well as he does in his note to the EDITOR hereof, he will be a thrice-welcome contributor: 'I hope I may not seriously trespass upon your time, but having heard that you are in the habit of paying for acceptable contributions to your magazine, I take the liberty of asking for information upon the point; and when I propose writing for your periodical, should you deem me presumptuous in the manner or matter of the suggestion, have the consideration to lay to the door of necessity what otherwise might seem to savor of self-esteem, perhaps vanity. I do not pro-

pose to myself, any literary distinction; if so, I should not write, certainly, but for my own credit, would leave the quill in its pristine goose, where it might be wielded with advantage to its proprietor, rather than betray a relationship to that species of bird by any unsuccessful attempts I might make to soar upon the usurped pinion. Be assured, then, it is not any ephemeral fame whose possession is craved, but the realization of the more practical bread-and-butter; for it is that natural bias in favor of something to eat, inherent, if not in our hearts, at least in our stomachs, that induces me to bore you with this application. I am *pursuing* the practice of the law; whether I shall ever catch up with it or not, is '*in nubibus*,' for the chase is a desperate one, and the game as yet palpably out of sight; and it occurred to me, that if I could, by any assiduous efforts of my own, obtain from Literature any of those more substantial benefits which the Law in its majesty has thus far denied me, it would be a vastly fortunate circumstance. 'In view of these remarks,' as the preachers say, I would not have you to think that I am at the point of starvation, or as yet materially in the vicinity of that apex: this communication is not intended as an aperient to move your 'bowels of compassion;' you must undoubtedly be worried extensively by applications of this kind, and mostly by those who are the sole discoverers of their own latent genius and fitness for periodical writing. Although the boots of poverty do not actually pinch the corns of my daily life, yet the means of my subsistence are not my own; and a desire for independence is what induced our fathers to fall upon the heights of BREED'S, now called BUNKER'S, Hill, and to runaway upon the plains of Camden — GATES, I believe, being general upon the latter occasion; see State Papers, *passim*. Upon the other hand, I do not wish to manifest an overweening confidence in my abilities: of what I may be able to do, yourself of course will be the judge; and if upon trial you should deem my productions worth reading, let them be received, but not otherwise; for I'd see you in Guinea, or any other sea-port town on the Mediterranean, before you should take them out of mere charity. I confess, Sir, I feel some degree of anxiety as to how this epistle may be received. Your own literary character as EDITOR of the KNICKERBOCKER, together with the fact of your being twin-brother to the elegant author of 'Ollapodiana,' makes the ground whereon I venture to tread rather perilous. To me, therefore, your approbation on these grounds is peculiarly desirable; but nevertheless, Sir, do not hesitate to speak your candid opinion. If you think I'm a fool, say so like a major-general. It would not wound my vanity in the least, for I should suspect you were more than half right: or, if this intrusion is entirely unwarrantable, statements to that effect would be received by me in a christian frame of mind. I have of course no name nor reputation to render my services desirable, nor to enhance them in the eyes of the public. The TUB must emphatically stand as the proverb suggests.' We shall willingly leave it to our readers to say whether or no the writer of the foregoing is 'a fool.' We think *not*, decidedly. . . . 'A few Sabbaths since,' writes a correspondent from Rondout on the Hudson, 'our minister was impressing upon his hearers the duty of a greater regard for the services of the day of Thanksgiving, set apart by the Governor, and was informing them that on that day he would preach a sermon at that place, and he wished them all to attend, to render, in a proper manner, acknowledgments for the many benefits of the past year; for a season of health, and bountiful harvests, etc. Here a little wiry man, in a blue coat, with metal buttons, and a very elevated collar, popped up from his seat, and squeaked out: 'Dominie, I wish you'd jest give the 'Tater Rot a leetle tech in that sarmon o' your'n. It's ben dreadful bad with

us !' . . . If any of our readers should fancy that the following '*Babylonish Ditty*,' which we derive from the facile pen of a favorite contributor, belongs to an 'easy style of thing to write,' let them try to 'do' a similar thing themselves, and let us see how they 'll 'rhyme it,' preserving in the mean time the requisite sense and melody :

MORE than several years have faded, since my heart was first invaded  
By a brown-skinned, grey-eyed siren, on the merry old 'South Side ;'  
Where the mill-flume cataracts glisten, and the agile blue fish listen  
To the fleet of phantom schooners floating on the weedy tide.

'Tis the land of rum and romance, for the old South Bay is no man's,  
But belongs (as all such places should belong) to Uncle SAM ;  
There you 'll see the amorous plover, and the woodcock in the cover,  
And the silky trout all over, underneath the water-dam.

There amid the sandy reaches, in among the pines and beeches,  
Oaks, and various other kinds of old primeval forest trees,  
Did we wander in the noon-light, or beneath the silver moon-light,  
While in ledges sighed the sedges to the salt salubrious breeze.

Oh ! I loved her as a sister — often, often times I kissed her,  
Holding prest against my vest her slender soft seductive hand,  
Often by my midnight taper, filled at least a quire of paper  
With some graphic ode, or sapphic, 'To the nymph of Babylonland.'

Of we saw the dim blue highlands, Coney, Oak, and other, islands,  
(Moles that dot the dimpled bosom of the sunny summer sea.)  
Or 'mid polished leaves of lotus, whereso'er our skiff would float us,  
Any where, where none could notice, there we sought alone to be.

Thus till summer was senescent, and the woods were iridescent,  
(Hectic-hints, and dolphin hints, of what was shortly coming on.)  
Did I worship AMY MILTON, (fragile was the faith I built on.)  
Then we parted ; broken hearted, I, when she left Babylon.

As upon the moveless water lies the motionless frigata,  
Flings her spars and spidery outlines lightly on the lucid plain,  
But whene'er the fresh breeze bloweth, to more distant oceans goeth,  
Never more the old haunt knoweth, never more returns again :

So is woman, evanescent ; shifting with the shifting present ;  
Changing like the changing tide, and faithless as the fickle sea ;  
Lighter than the wind-blown thistle ; falser than the fowler's whistle  
Was that coaxing piece of hoaxing — AMY MILTON's love to me :

Yes, than transitory bubble ! floating on this sea of trouble,  
Though the sky be bright above thee, soon will sunny days be gone ;  
Then when thou 'rt by all forsaken, will thy bankrupt heart awaken  
To those golden days of olden times in happy Babylon !

A PHILADELPHIA friend, who writes a story as well as he tells one, which is a rare art, sends us, among others, the subjoined : 'A certain genuine Deutscher in this city has distinguished himself of late years by very remarkable actions, but nothing richer than the following : Resolving to be divorced from his wife, he put the case into the hands of an eminent lawyer, and departed for the south, where he was absent for a year. On returning, he walked into the 'legal den,' and with head bolt upright, gravely inquired : 'How doesh it co mit ter divorce between me und mine wife ?' 'Why really, Meinherr, I have n't been able to do much during your absence, but now you're back, we'll go ahead.' 'Yaw ; den be so goot as to inform me vot te expenses might have peen ven de diforce will be concluded.' The man of law, after calculating and summing up the items, informed him that the 'damage' would probably amount to two hundred and fifty dollars when the divorce should be obtained. 'Very well den,' replied Meinherr, 'I would ask you, if to save de expenses,

und spare de droubles, it would not pe pest to squash de whole proceedings—*for mine wife is teadt!* . . . We see announced the successful completion of a great artistic and literary enterprise: '*The Gallery of Illustrious Americans*' is now ready to deliver, in superb bindings, from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. It is called '*The Gift-Book of the Republic*,' and although this name is one of some import, the work is fully worthy of the designation. It contains truthful and beautiful portraits, and ably-written biographies, of twelve of the greatest statesmen, generals, and scholars of this country, of the present age, all printed on imperial folio drawing-paper, of the most superb description. The names of the illustrious Americans are: 1. General TAYLOR. 2. J. C. CALHOUN. 3. SILAS WRIGHT. 4. DANIEL WEBSTER. 5. HENRY CLAY. 6. JOHN CHARLES FREMONT. 7. JOHN JAMES AUDUBON. 8. PRESCOTT, the Historian. 9. General SCOTT. 10. MILLARD FILLMORE. 11. Doctor CHANNING. 12. General CASS. Such a gallery has never been published in America, nor even in Europe. It is, probably, the most splendid specimen of typography ever seen, and how any thing more chaste or beautiful could be made, we cannot well conceive. As an appropriate and elegant gift-book, it will doubtless meet with an extensive sale during the holidays. It is published by BRADY, D'AVIGNON AND LESTER, the proprietors, by whose united exertions and energies it has been carried triumphantly through, and on whom, as a work of art and literature, it will confer lasting fame. . . . 'THE best and most conclusive reason for an effect, that I ever remember to have heard,' writes a western correspondent, 'was one given by a 'one-idea' Deutchman, in reply to a friend who remarked: 'Why, HANS, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen.' 'Oh, yaw,' was the reply: 'I know de reason for dat; *mine moder vas a voman!*' . . . 'THERE is a singular contradiction,' writes 'C. A. P.,' of Louisville, Ky., 'in the '*Merchant of Venice*,' (Act I., Scene I.,) that I do not remember to have seen noticed before, and which can scarcely be attributed to incorrectness of edition. It is as follows:

'SAL. I KNOW ANTONIO  
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

ANT. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,  
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place; *nor is my whole estate*  
*Upon the fortune of this present year:*  
Therefore, etc.

'And yet, near the conclusion of the same scene, after the request of BASSANIO, ANTONIO replies:

'*Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea;*  
Nor have I money, nor commodity,  
To raise a present sum; therefore go forth,  
Try what my CREDIT, etc.'

We have recently enjoyed a late-October visit, by the way of the New-York and Erie rail-road, that noble enterprise of the 'Empire State,' to the charming towns of Binghamton and Owego, and delightful parts adjacent; and, on a second visit, we are more than ever impressed with what 'God hath done for that delicious land!' There is a sublimity in the scenes along the Delaware and Susquehanna divisions of the New-York and Erie rail-road, not elsewhere to be encountered, to the same extent, in this country. You sit in the luxurious, spacious cars, after you have passed the Delaware, and look from the 'Glass-House' Palisades upon the rapid river rushing over ragged rocks; upon the slow-moving canal-boats, on the opposite side, drawn by horses which, at the distance whence they are seen, look like rats in the family-way;

upon sweep after sweep of lofty mountains, now toppling over you, now receding at farther reach, now blue in the distance, but all opening, at unexpected intervals, into vales 'stretching in pensive quietness between,' and upon 'rivers that move in majesty,' through banks clad in late Autumn's deepest green. There is nothing like it, that *we* have ever seen. At charming Binghamton, at pleasant Owego—at the one, the confluence of the Susquehanna with the Chenango; at the other, the union of the former with the rushing, overflowing Owego—we had seasons of pleasant, calm enjoyment, with quiet, refined, and genial friends. We 'cannot but remember that such things were, that were most precious to us;' and we must therefore be pardoned for bringing, in this instance, the 'private I before the public eye,' for we are gossiping, and these are our thoughts, 'as they sholde comen into y<sup>e</sup> minde.' How one delicious morning, in late October, we crossed, with a few cherished friends, the broad, shining, dimpled, eddying Susquehanna, at Owego; how we went through the spacious grounds of an opulent proprietor 'of that ilk,' drinking in, at every turn, new scenes of memorable beauty; how that same opulent proprietor dispensed a generous hospitality to his unexpected guests; how, on that same evening, there were encountered, on the other side of the river, at a kindred mansion, with a kindred host, a kindred welcome to kindred spirits—*these things remain to be written.* Time presses, however, at this present; but 'there 's a good *time* coming,' in which to accomplish this labor of love, and a 'good *number*' of the KNICKERBOCKER, we hope, in which to record it. . . . We have received the following '*Keurd*' from our learned contemporary of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*.' It will be seen, that unless the subscribers to that erudite and sprightly journal pay up their past dues, there is great reason to fear that the Editor may be inclined to resign the profession which is so dear to him, and of which he is so distinguished an ornament. '*Tired of 'The Staff*!'—perish the thought! 'Not a bit of it!'—we emphatically exclaim—'not a bit of it!' But to the card:

‘A K e a r d .

'OUR readers and correspondents and subscribers and advertisers are requested to bear and forbear with us for the non-republication of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' of which another number, at the request of friends, will appear in our January issuo, and 'xpect we shall then decline. Too much of one thing is good for nothing, and 'praps a good many getting tired of us. Literature, and an exciting life of mind, is too much for us, which now suffers like our poor brother's, with the brown-creatures in the Arkansass Territory, whose throat has been swabbed out with luna-caustic for the eleventh time. We got good offers to go into a better business than newspapering, having invested a sum of money in a pin-manufactory to make pins without heads in the State of Connecticut. When we are gone, who will take the part of the patent-medicine-business, and Echo answers who?

'Our kindest thank will be due when our last number issood to advertisers, subscribers, and others, who have enabled us to get a living by hard labor, (which we have) betwixt the day-light and the dark. But really—and that is the '*git* (soft *gee*) of what we got to say—the DUES OF SUBSCRIBERS to this orifice have reached such a p'int that even those who pay us in grits send *poor* grits; therefore we may resign the editorial pen in favor of the '*Trumpet-Blast of Freedom*,' (and what a flatuous blast he do blow!) now being republished in '*The Spirit of Times*.' We have humbly striven, in our peculiar way, to do good. All may not appreciate us, and think we lack dignity. One object has been to promote good humor, which is much lacking; another, to elevate the tone of newspapers, some of which, (but many honorable exceptions) rather vulgar; another to get bread, (and we have received grits;) another, as we have just hinted at, to help on the patent-medicines, now passing into stomachs of community from loads of pillulæ, down to ship-loads of sticking-plasters, etc. We hope we done good in our day. We would not promote the interest of any, except to help along the good of many. For that *many*, which is the idol of our love, we humbly strove, and if some things appear trifling, they will take the will for the deed.

'*Staff*'-Office, *Bunkum*, November 15, 1850.

'WAGSTAFF.'



Thus writes a kind-hearted and estimable friend, a member of the 'North Family' of Shakers, at New-Lebanon, to the Editor hereof: 'Never having studied LAPLACE or QUETELET, I am not sufficiently skilled in 'the calculus of probabilities,' to say what number of chances to one there may be, that the accompanying cheese was partly made from the contents of that notable 'foaming Shaker pail' which so triumphantly proclaimed thy 'ability to milk' in '48. However, suppositions no better founded have sometimes been made the basis of important assumptions. Please accept it from thy 'good friends of the North Family,' with their kind remembrances. We hope thy recollections of us will always be pleasureable.' In enjoying the delicious present of our friend, which is only not butter, we are taken back, in memory, to the first Shaker table we ever sat down at, and the cordiality with which we and ours were welcomed to the bounties which were spread upon its spotless purity. So that beyond its material flavor, there is a spiritual power in this token of kind remembrance, which is at once transferred from the pleased palate to the grateful, gratified heart. . . . CAN we not, in this country, cannot our government, do something for the poor exiled Hungarians in Turkey? We know not how far treaties of peace or terms of alliance with other nations and countries may bear upon the matter; but this we know: the Sublime Porte wishes to send all the Hungarians here; they desire to come and settle in Iowa. England and France back Turkey in this, but Austria is opposing it. The Sultan, we have good reason to know, is willing to send them all in his steamers to Liverpool, and asks us to provide a passage for them from there here. Now the question is, shall we reject the benevolent Sultan's proffered hand? What has been the *object* of all our loud sympathy for the Hungarians? We hope and trust that some steps will be taken in this matter. We have before us a most touching letter from KOSSUTH, the brave Hungarian leader, written from Choumla to an esteemed American friend and correspondent, glowing with gratitude for the sympathy of America with himself and his prostrate country. Cannot *something* be done for the gallant Hungarian exiles? . . . 'PUFFER HOPKINS,' who came down from 'Arc-turus' on a 'Behemoth,' and was only lately blowing a shrill penny 'Whistle' in the streets, has ceased his piping, and come out as '*Chanticleer*'—'cock of the walk' in his department; he having 'come the evil eye' over a 'good fellow' who 'wasn't afraid' to publish his book! The 'Evening Mirror' quoted lately a highly laudatory review of the work, from a forcible-feeble weekly journal of book-advertisements and other 'reading matter,' (of which Mr. HOPKINS is an editor,) written, says our contemporary, by the author himself! Half enough copies to pay the expenses of printing, we are pleased to learn, were ordered before the writer's name was known; that discovered, there was first a 'decline of sales'—second, 'no offers.' The competent critic of '*The Tribune*' says the book does credit to the 'good intentions' of the writer, but that 'the narrative is heavy,' and the rural pictures have 'a faded look, as if they were sketches from hearsay, rather than copies of actual experience.' This is the exact truth, predicable of every description of nature by the 'author,' and it is just as applicable to the characters which he assumes to delineate. There is not a single touch of *real nature* in any character or scene ever drawn by the author of 'PUFFER HOPKINS.' He has *words* enough, PATIENCE knows, but no genius—not a scintilla. . . . It was with a feeling of no common sadness that we stood recently upon 'Sh'nan'g P'int,' at the junction of the beautiful Susquehanna and Chenango, at Binghamton, and surveyed the autumn-scene before us. The mountains around were disrobed of their summer honors, and rose sadly upon the eye through the hazy



air; there was a plaintive wail in the low wind; the two rivers, swollen by the autumn rains, swept resistlessly, and with funeral movement, by; and all around, and in all the air, a 'solemn stillness' reigned. As we gazed upon the gliding waters before us, there came to mind these striking lines of WATTS:

'THE mighty flood, that rolls  
Its torrent to the main,  
Can ne'er recall its waters lost  
From that abyss again:  
So days and years and time,  
Descending down to night,  
Can thenceforth never more return  
Back to the scenes of light!'

These thoughts were but too natural to us at that moment. A little while before we had heard of the sudden death of one who, when we were last in the place, had with several others, companions and friends, 'Old KNICK,' and his travelling companion among them, sat for a daguerreotype-group. That group is before us now; and foremost among the social brotherhood, reclining upon the carpet, and resting his head affectionately upon the knee of a friend, lies the 'counterfeit presentment' of THOMAS JOHNSON, late an officer of the Susquehanna division of the New-York and Erie rail-road. We remembered him well for a certain brightness of thought and quick appreciation, and for the evidences of a keen intellect and susceptible feeling which his pleasant conversation evinced. He was much and deservedly esteemed; and there was many a sad heart in Binghamton when intelligence reached the town that he had been crushed between two cars, and was lying upon his dying bed at a small road-side inn, near Owego. His friends hastened to his relief, but there was no hope for him in this world. As they entered the room, he said to one of them: 'Off the track, and all broken up!—an eventful end to an eventful life!' Soon after, he expired. He leaves a wife and child, and many friends, to mourn his untimely decease. May the 'God of the widow and the fatherless' protect and support his bereaved family! . . . ELSEWHERE, in its appropriate department, will be found a notice of *Mr. Robert Dodge's 'Diary in Europe.'* We received three letters from the author, asking for our opinion of the work, and we did not dream, until we heard it from himself, that the book was not intended for public circulation, and it was then too late to cancel the notice to which we have referred. But the volume was *for sale*, and at a high price; no less than five dollars a copy being asked of those who, having been invited to do so by the author's circular, called at a metropolitan book-store to look at the work on its tables. If this is not 'publication,' we should like to know what is. Having expressed our own honest opinions of the work, we deem it proper to add, that there are other critics, of a high order of legal intellect, who have written to the author that, in their judgment, it is a 'valuable addition to a library,' 'sprightly, convenient, and agreeable as a book of reference,' and one that will 'meet with the approval' of his well-wishers. We have received three or four communications from those whose attention had been called to the work. The subjoined, in consonance with the maxim, '*Audi alteram partem,*' we give, in justice to the author. It will be seen that the writer takes high ground in favor of the work:

'MR. EDITOR: I notice in yesterday's Tribune an extract from an article over the signature of 'Subscriber,' attributing to our gifted young townsman, Mr. ROBERT DODGE, the authorship of the serial publication known as the *Lorgnette*. Although, from facts that have come to my knowledge, I do not concur in this opinion, yet I join in the high encomium he passes upon Mr. DODGE's recent publication. It has taken the few who have had the privilege of its perusal, by surprise, and all such must acknowledge that the author bids fair to become one of the remarkable men of this

century. I have recently turned my attention to 'diarys,' and taken up in course three, two of which are recently published. They are those of JOHN ADAMS, (the elder) of WALTER SCOTT, and of Mr. ROBERT DODGE; and although to institute a comparison between the latter and his elder predecessors in this field of literature would be unfair, I do not hesitate to pronounce DODGE's book by far the most entertaining. There is a peculiarity about his style which many unexperienced readers would consider monotonous, but to me it was the dead level of a broad fertile prairie of transcendent richness. To enjoy a diary, one must sympathize with, and for the moment exist in, and become parcel of, the writer. So in my case has it been with DODGE: when he describes his sea-sickness, I nauseated; when he dines at a consular board, I had an appetite; when he ogled a beauty at the opera, I saw through his opera-glass; and when he plucked the rose from the rich oak-carving of the cathedral at York, I involuntarily looked around for the verger who had left him to procure the key, fearing lest he might catch us both in the act.

'The writer is never enthusiastic and rarely imaginative. His lines flow with the smoothness of a well-oiled machine. Like CARLYLE, he coins at times words, and again whole sentences, to express his ideas, wherever the want of copiousness of our language embarrasses trains of thought. This is partly occasioned by necessity, and in part by long habit in using languages less restricted during his sojourn abroad. Were I called upon to name the great point in the book, I should say that its pictures of men and things were most accurate. I have never seen a finer description than he gives of the QUEEN, or a more perfect appreciation of character than that of METTERNICH. Few travellers go abroad accredited as Mr. DODGE was, who have the capacity to describe what they see. He had letters to *all* our consuls and to some prominent men abroad; and was so fortunate as to see the QUEEN and a great many of the highest nobility of England — at a fair given for the benefit of the distressed Irish. As to M. F. TUPPER, we knew little of him excepting as an author, nothing of his interesting family, until this book came out. DODGE introduces us to him as a parent, a husband and a perfect trump in the way of hospitality. The minuteness of his details, the variety of his incidents, the thrilling legends which he from time to time introduces, the valuable statistics given by reliable informants, and the description of the battle of Waterloo, written on the very field, and above all, the modest forgetfulness of self, which pervades every page, render the book interesting to all, and the beauty of its style, and freedom from any of the 'Lotharioisms', in which the diaries of bachelors sometimes abound, would render a cheaper copy of it valuable as a class-book for younger readers. It reminds me more strongly of the work of an author more greatly in vogue, and valuable from the minuteness of his descriptions, good old PRYRS, who, in his neatly-powdered wig, well-brushed coat, with the stately elegance of a CRICHTON, and the observation of a PAUL PRY, jotted down the sayings and doings of his day and generation, which have now become curious to the admirers of 'auld lang syne,' than any thing I have seen; and I predict that this book will be sought after by a future generation, and republished *publicly*, and in a cheaper form, so that all may obtain it, in the year of grace, 1950, by the grandsons of our PUTNAMS and APPLETONS, as containing the truest and best picture of the state of Europe in the eventful years 1849 — '50.'

WE have often heard a friend, whom we should designate as 'venerable' if he were not so alert of step and so young in feeling, describe the starting of *Fulton's First Steam-Boat on the Hudson*. He started from the neighborhood of Whitehall, and his clumsy craft came slowly around the Battery, and up along the North River. Of those who had assembled about the wharves to see 'the thing *try* to go,' there were many who jeered, and a few who counselled 'patience,' and even ventured words of encouragement. The boat was called '*The Clermont*,' and this, her first trip, was attempted on the first day of August, 1807. In the neighborhood of Cortland-street dock she came to a stand-still; and while some were sneering, others croaking, and yet others denouncing, FULTON, with rolled-up sleeves, emerged from the depths of his crude engine, melting with heat, and begrimed with oil and dust, and begged the crowd to give him time to adjust some portion of his machinery, which had become disarranged, and before ridiculing his invention, to 'give it a fair chance.' He descended again to his engine; and some fifteen minutes thereafter the first steam-boat on the Hudson began to move up the river, against the tide, at the astounding rate of four miles an hour! It reached Albany in thirty-two hours, and returned in thirty.

Such was the practical beginning of steam navigation in this country. We have recently encountered, in one of the daily journals, a striking account of FULTON'S receiving his first passenger-fare, while sitting alone in the rude cabin of the 'Clermont' at Albany; and tears stood in his eyes, when he received this his first pecuniary reward for all his exertions in adapting steam to navigation. We were thinking of all this the other day, while going with a friend through the Atlantic steamer 'BALTIC.' We thought of the gradual progress to elegance and profuse luxury of our river-steamers; of the little 'Sirius' English steamer, with her queer-looking red wheels, anchored one pleasant morning off the Battery — the wonder of the town! Then we called to mind the 'Great Western' — and no better or more punctual steamer has yet reached us from 'the other side;' the 'Great Britain;' 'The President' — (poor POWER!) — the 'British Queen;' then of the 'CUNARDERS;' and then *we*, we republicans, came into the field; and lo! the result! It was our good fortune to be a guest at the dinner given to HON. BUTLER KING, at the Astor-House; an additional pleasure to be placed next to Mr. COLLINS; and a still greater pleasure to hear him say, when 'on his feet,' in reply to a toast in his honor, connected with the projected line of American steamers: 'I thank you, Mr. President and gentlemen, for the last sentiment, and for the favor with which it has been received. And I have only to say in reply, that if American enterprise, American mechanics, American skill, and American capital can produce a line of steamers which shall do credit to the country, I can pledge myself that in *that* respect no discredit shall fall upon the American flag?' These few unstudied words, brief and 'to the point,' were received with the general applause which they deserved. Well, how is it now? Four of these steamers have been built; and it is not too much to say, that at this moment they are eclipsing, in beauty, in comfort, and in speed, every similar craft upon the Atlantic. This verdict is yielded by acclamation. The massive machinery, the most *vital* part of all, in each steamer fulfils the most sanguine expectations of the builders. And as to the architecture, the interior decorations, the chaste designs — all, in short, that constitutes that '*first appeal, which is to the eye*' — these American steamers are 'beyond compare' with any similar craft on any ocean in the world. Mr. COLLINS never did a wiser thing — he never evinced a clearer view as to the progressive requirements of the public — than when he secured the practical skill, refined taste, and elegant execution, of Mr. GEORGE PLATT, in the architectural and decorative departments of these steamers. We had indeed been led to expect, from Mr. PLATT'S designs, carried out in the exteriors and interiors of the most costly and superb dwellings in town, and in adjacent country mansions, that we should find in these steamers good taste, at least, in the ornamental decorations. Yet the reality far surpasses our anticipations. Forms and angles, apparently defying grace, have melted into lines of beauty. There is nothing flashy, nothing gaudy, nothing unreal. The beautiful designs are executed in solid matériel, metals or rare woods; and throughout the vast detail there is nothing that offends the eye; nothing superficial, nothing 'sham.' Who can tell the effect of such interiors upon those who are intending to 'go down to the sea in ships?' Next to a consciousness of safe machinery, as an attractive force, commend us to such superb interiors as grow upon the admiring eye under the facile hand of Mr. GEORGE PLATT. One can hardly go in and out of one of COLLINS' steamers, without longing to take passage in her the very next trip. 'She looks so cosy, she is so *very* handsome!' said a lady in our hearing, 'I *must* go!' . . . Our esteemed young friend, 'which his name is' 'G. W. D.,' of H — college, sends us a

very clever bon-mot of a favorite mathematical professor in that flourishing institution. It appears that the professor had an old horse that used to roam about the college-yard, and being connected, in the minds of the freshmen, with the professor himself, he was always called 'CONICS.' One day, just before recitation, a waggish student drew a large caricature of the old horse on the black-board, and in between the ribs was written 'CONICS' in large characters. The professor called the first boy to the board, and said: 'Take the cloth, JAMES, and rub old 'Conics' down!'—which figurative grooming was at once performed. 'G. W. D.' also sends us some lines, which evince much merit, and more promise. 'Macte virtute!' young gentleman: 'I send you a rhymed 'Fragment,' which if it does not contain 'thoughts that breathe,' has 'words that burn,' as you can easily ascertain, by throwing the piece into your sanctum-grate:'

PARCHED Nature sighed for rain, for copious rain,  
To quench the thirst in which she'd so long lain;  
For rain, to wet the hills, her pouting lips,  
To bathe the clouds, her rosy finger-tips.  
Jove heard; and with a god-like message sent  
His wingéd messenger: and MERCURY went  
To King ÆOLUS, and to him declared  
His master's high injunction; and he heard,  
And harnessed to his chariot-car his steeds,  
The Wind, and Storm, fore-tellers of his deeds,  
And with a lash of lightning, and a tongue  
Of thunder, urged them onward; and along  
From crag to crag, the pleasant vale between,  
The rattling car rolled on; and the bright sheen  
Of many waters quickly disappeared,  
As on the surface its wide tracks appeared.  
The meadows, too, in indecisive mood,  
Their wishes this way and now that way stood;  
And graceful forms of waving grain are seen  
To bend their silken ears unto the velvet green,  
As gentle winds blow soft on Nature's flute,  
And sighing zephyrs touch her dulcet lute;  
And in the anthem for this heavenly rain  
The double-bass of Thunder gently ends the strain!

G. W. D.

'It's from California — won't you open it *now*, before you go out?' — said our publisher and 'pard'ner' the other morning at the publication-office, what time we were hastening to the '*orifice-du-print*' with last night's 'Gossip.' It was a curiously-shaped package, enclosed in many wrappers — swathed like a mummy. 'Here is treasure!' we said; from the 'heft on 't,' it should be gold-dust; perhaps rich specimens of the 'gold-bearing quartz!' Layer after layer of paper was removed; and no more interest could have been felt by Mr. GLIDDON's Boston auditors, when he unrolled the dubious he-she mummy from its ancient folds, than was felt by 'Old KNICK,' while he was 'bringing to light the hidden thing' from far-off California. At length the covering was removed, and the present stood revealed; a lob-long article, with a hundred eyes, which our ancient contemporary of the '*Albany Argus*' should have suspended over his editorial table, to prompt him to greater scrutiny and noble deeds. It was — 'A 'TATER!' — and *what* 'a 'tater!' No commentator upon agricultural products in *this* section of the ked'ntry has ever even mentioned, to our knowledge, such an enormous esculent. It was exactly twelve inches in length; seven and a-half inches round, in the smallest place; nine inches and a quarter in the largest, and it weighed two pounds and six ounces! O, ye editors of the '*Pacific News*' of San Francisco, answer us; is that a specimen of your 'common-doin's' in agriculture, in your soil? Then plant no pumpkins near your office; they will grow, and grow, till they out-grow your house, and 'push you from your stools.' Nevertheless, thanks, gentlemen, and acceptance cordial. Meantime, how's the turnip-market in your vil-

lage? . . . 'MURDER,' said an astute country judge, to an 'intelligent jury,' 'is where a man is murderously killed; the fact of *killing* it is, which constitutes *murder*, in the eye of the law. Murder by p'ison is as much murder as murder with a gun; but,' he added, '*felo-de-se*' is another thing. No man commit '*felo-de-se*' upon another. *That* fact is established.' Not *quite*, Judge. We committed '*felo-de-se*' upon the late Senator DICKINSON in May, 1844, as any reader may ascertain, by consulting page five hundred and nine of the KNICKERBOCKER for that month: *Voila*: 'The following '*Lines to a Bouquet of Flowers*' are from the pen of the lamented Governor DICKINSON, whose melancholy suicide will be fresh in the minds of many of our readers. We learn from the friend through whom we derive them, that they were handed to him by the author, while sojourning for a short time in Albany:

'EMBLEM of life and loveliness,  
Welcome, sweet harbinger of Spring!  
Clad in thy beauteous summer dress,  
And waited on Time's fairy wing.

'Would thou wert fadeless as the sky,  
All redolent of hope and gladness,  
But soon, alas! thou'lt lonely lie.  
Emblem of Death, of Grief, of Sadness.

'Emblem of Life! thing of an hour,  
How soon thou'lt hang thy sickly head,  
And bow beneath the conqueror's power,  
And lie among the sleeping dead!

'Emblem of Life! beyond the tomb,  
Thy flowers again shall form a wreath;  
Shall germinate amid the gloom,  
And triumph o'er the monster Death'


D. S. D.

Thus it will be seen that we committed suicide upon Senator DICKINSON in 1844; so that our country judge's 'ruling' is liable to be 'carried up on a sasharar' or else utterly overthrown. We learned, however, on a recent trip to Binghamton, the circumstances of this case, upon indisputable authority. On one occasion, while Senator DICKINSON was in Albany, a gentleman called one evening to see him, holding in his hand a bunch of fresh flowers, who said: 'Mr. DICKINSON, I wish I could get some friend to write me a few lines upon these flowers;' to which Mr. DICKINSON replied: 'I will try do it myself;' whereupon he sat down and penned the foregoing lines. The gentleman who made the request, subsequently committed suicide; and hence the grievous blunder of the correspondent who sent us the stanzas. . . . Our obliging friend 'J. G. S.' will 'assist' in the January 'issoo.' He is always welcome. . . . Our correspondent, whose remarks upon '*Jenny Lind at the Art-Union*' were contained in our last number, says, in a note to the EDITOR, that he did not receive an invitation to the opening, although he is both an artist and a subscriber, and that he had seen one or two other artists, of great distinction, of whom the same was true. We make the correction with pleasure, but without conceiving that there is any 'question of veracity' in the matter, at all. Letters and notes not unfrequently miscarry, through change of residence, or other the like natural causes. . . . The late re-publication in England, in a cheap form, of WASHINGTON IRVING's works, has brought them to almost every man's door. The steam-boats and rail-cars bear away from, or bring to the British capitals scores upon scores of eager and delighted readers; so that the author of the 'Sketch-Book' may be said not only to have strengthened his established reputation, but acquired a new and greatly extended fame. MURRAY, his former English publisher, was anxious to protect himself under the fact of Mr. IRVING's having been born of British parents; but the latter declared loyalty to his American birth and native country, so that nothing was 'made by the motion,' as the lawyers express it. . . . How little does a night-passenger in a rail-car, sitting 'wholly at ease and quiet,' in his luxurious cushioned seat, know what is oftentimes going on just before him? Coming home from New-Haven, the other evening, we were over-persuaded by a smoking friend to take a temporary seat in the luggage-car until he

should have finished a cigar. Our strenuous objections were overruled, and we went. He had accomplished one cigar and was about lighting another, when 'crash! crash!' was heard and *felt* from below; conductors, trunks, lanterns, all were pitched into one dark confused mass together; fire flashed from the rails, and the car seemed as if on a steeple-chase over adjacent fences; and in that way we went on, expecting instant destruction. We were brought up, however, after a while, and the cause and extent of the accident discovered. We had run over an obstruction in the road, while going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, which had broken the 'break' to the baggage-car entirely off, and when our speed was checked, that great piece of timber — which, if disconnected, would have thrown every passenger-car down a bank of ten feet — was held only by a single iron 'nut,' which was almost wrenched off. And yet there sat the passengers in the cars behind, with no thought how near they had been to death's door. When the train had finally stopped, and the engineer had become aware of our escape from imminent danger, he exclaimed, with a grim smile: 'Don't be skar't! It's *all* right; if 'taint, we 'll 'make it right in the mornin'! It was a 'little curious' that our friend, who had enlarged upon the equal safety of a baggage-car, should have been the very first to leave it, on this occasion. It struck us at the time as a little inconsistent, we remember. Why should he hasten from so safe a place? . . . UNTIL the other morning, a fine day in hazy October, we had not been in the beautiful 'City of Elms' for some sixteen years. And verily, in the mode of transit thither, and in the place itself, there is much of important change. One is whirled over a good rail-road in convenient cars, past the numerous villages which skirt the waters of Long-Island Sound, charming glimpses of which, sleeping in grey shadow or sparkling in the sunlight, now lessening and now growing upon the gratified eye, may be seen at intervals as the traveller rushes with arrowy speed over the resounding rails. The approach to New-Haven is picturesque; with its 'East' and 'West Rocks' rising precipitously from the level plain in which the city nestles, and on the other hand the broad Sound, spreading far and wide in the distance, and closing the view. Arrived at the *dépôt*, a dark subterranean *embouchure* of the rail-road, and emerging thence to 'upper earth,' a former visitant is struck with the fact, that he has been rushing over the bed of an ancient canal, known as 'The Farmington,' which was built, not because there was, or was likely eventually to be, any particular *use* for it, but because labor was abundant thereabout, and it was easy digging: it was at a time, too, when CLINTON's 'big ditch' had made canals 'the rage.' Ascending to day-light, one is struck with the *dépôt* itself; a vast wooden edifice, in a hybrid style of architecture, embracing the 'Ironie,' the 'Grotesque,' the ELIZABETHAN, and the Pseudo-Norman styles of architecture — particularly the first-named. But as you walk up to the great Elm-Square, what exquisite beauty delights the eye! The dead leaves strew the broad, silent walks; the westerling sun-light lies in long lines across the verdant park; the classic edifices interrupt the brightness only to heighten the effect; and above, glooming stately through the trees that terminate the upper slope, stretches New-Haven's 'creöwnin' glory,' 'OLD YALE!' Ah, boys! how many of you who will look upon these lines, will remember other days, recalled by these two simple words, 'OLD YALE!' But that's *your* business. 'Suffice to say,' that in company with a congenial friend, we perambulated, in the smoky light and bland air of that October day, the principal streets and squares of New-Haven; that we walked pensively among the rustling leaves; that we visited 'Old Yale,' and saw 'the light of other days' beaming in the countenance of our friend; also the 'TRUMBULL



Gallery,' where we dwelt, for a time, (too passing fleet,) upon the great works of that noble artist, which have made, or will make, his name immortal; and, more than all, the old Grave-Yard, now the *New-Haven Cemetery*; one of the most beautiful and well-kept enclosures of the kind we have ever visited. We wandered through the 'long-drawn aisles' of that city of the dead; ornamented every where with trees of rare and various colors and shades, and flowering shrubs and plants; some graves over-arched with tasteful arbors for flowers, reared by the hands of affection; and others heavy with the 'solid fame' of the occupants, emblem'd in massive mural monuments of free-stone or marble. Among these latter were the tributes to WHITNEY, the inventor of the cotton-gin, and WEBSTER, the great lexicographer. As we stood over his mouldering ashes, Thought went back to the days of boyhood: we remembered NOAH WEBSTER and his spelling-book; aye, the very *smell* thereof, when new; and when we came away from the spot, *something* was saying to us: 'No man may put off the law of God.' 'A fox being closely pursued, took shelter under the covert of a bramble:' 'The old man desired him to come down, but the young saucy-box told him plainly he would not: 'Won't you?' said the old man,' and so forth. But these things are 'of the past.' In going over the grounds, we were struck with many inscriptions and monuments of great simplicity and surpassing beauty. Among those which most impressed us, were two plain granite shafts, with inscriptions on bronze, recording the deaths of two children: '*Alice Sleeps*' by the side of her little sister; and '*Her name was Mary.*' As we were passing from the cemetery, our attention was arrested and rivetted by a monument, in purest Italian marble, over the remains of a little boy. Upon an oblong block, with a scroll hanging over its side, bearing the simple inscription 'ALBERT,' reposed the form of a little spaniel, exquisitely carved, his fore-paws resting upon the scroll, and his head turned upward, as if, with a prolonged wail, lamenting the death of his little play-fellow; beautifully emblematic of that faithful affection which 'endures unto the end.' But we must bid adieu for the present to the charming 'City of Elms,' and its numerous attractions. . . . We were promised, by a competent critic, a notice of GEORGE H. BOKER's new play of '*The Betrothal*' for the present number, but it was too long delayed. Mr. BOKER, in this well-written dramatic effort, has won new laurels. Its success at the Broadway Theatre has been triumphant; and it is still being played to full and enthusiastic 'houses.' It will be more particularly noticed in our next. . . . A friend informs us that he heard a metropolitan colored preacher say the other night, in describing a 'good time coming' in the kingdoms of this world: 'Yes, bless'e LORD! de time am comin' w'en de lion shall lie down wid de plough-share, and de leopard wid de pruinin'-hook, and a little child shall lead 'em!' What a perversion of Scripture! . . . 'MS.' will find a note at the publication-office from the EDITOR.

 We have in type for our January number, now in an advanced stage of progress, notices of Dr. WAINWRIGHT's elegant illustrated work, '*The Path-Ways and Abiding-Places of our Lord*;' our gifted countrywoman, Mrs. HEWITT's, beautiful '*Gem of the Western World*,' with exquisite engravings; HAWTHORNE's '*True Stories*;' an admirably illustrated volume by Miss MACKINTOSH, entitled '*Evenings at Donaldson's Manor*;' '*Poems*' by JAMES NACK, GRACE GREENWOOD, etc.; with one or two other works. We shall be out *early* with the January number, and shall be quite willing to have it considered as a precursor of what we intend to make the volume which it heralds. Correspondents, literary and other, will bear in mind that we have been going on with two numbers of our Magazine at the same time, and pardon our short-comings accordingly.